

THE  
Manchester Quarterly:  
A JOURNAL OF  
LITERATURE AND ART.

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BY  
JOHN HEYWOOD,  
DEANS GATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER.  
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# Manchester Quarterly



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OF

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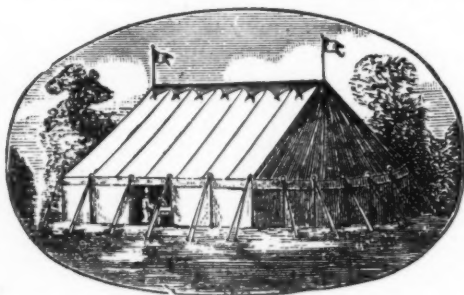
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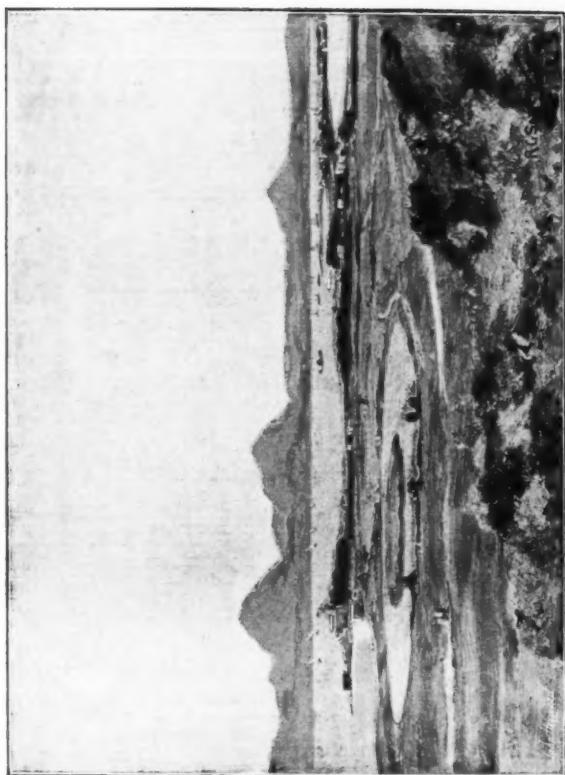
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SITE OF CARTHAGE FROM THE BYRSA.







## IZAAK WALTON AND GILBERT WHITE.

### A COMMEMORATION.

FOR lovers of our English literature the year just closed, 1893, is especially memorable. It is associated in their minds with distinctive anniversaries of the birthday and death day of two writers who have each contributed to the literature of their country a work which, by general consent, is held to be a "classic." Izaak Walton, who was born three hundred years ago, wrote more than one book; but for us he is the author of only one, the ever-delightful "Compleat Angler." Its genial humour and sweet philosophy have endeared it to every reader, and it has been printed in all the forms that the press is capable of, from the dainty little pocket edition to the sumptuous quarto, rich with the loving elucidations of the artist and the annotator, and ennobled by the beautiful craft of the printer and binder. To mark the tercentenary of its author's birth still another edition has been issued, "finely printed on hand-made paper, with the beautiful plates on Japanese vellum." It is thus that we honour Walton.

Though Gilbert White also produced other literature besides his "Natural History of Selborne," he, too, is for

us but a man of one book. Yet, it is a book which will ever have its abiding place in the affection of Englishmen because of its strong appeal to some of their intensest likings. White is the father of all those who love Nature, and who delight in loving descriptions of her manifold manifestations. So the "Natural History of Selborne" is cherished among us. It has been issued in more than one splendid edition, and is always included in any series professing to contain the gems of English literature. Its author died one hundred years ago.

It was fitting that these two memorable anniversaries should be honoured by all lovers of our literature, and the Manchester Literary Club, therefore, did what in them lay to commemorate the occasion. An evening was devoted to the reading of papers relating to Walton and White, and some half-dozen of them are printed in the following pages.





## A DERBYSHIRE HAUNT OF IZAAK WALTON.

BY B. A. REDFERN.

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee,  
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be.

*Michael Drayton.*

MY steps have often been turned towards the springs of Dove, and I have at times spent many delightful hours in the scenes along the banks of that river which have special associations with the memory of Izaak Walton and his scholar, Charles Cotton. To quote the former of these, I would say:—

I in those flowery meads would be,  
Those crystal streams should solace me.

My way on these occasions has first led me past the great Druidical Circle, with its outer ring of mounds or barrows, known as Arbor Low, or the Arbelows, which is one of the ancient monuments protected by Sir John Lubbock's Bill, and then by a succession of grass lanes over the hollows and billows of a great moorland sea.

Now plunging through a pine wood, such as usually crowns the higher billows—on land, and in Derbyshire, one calls them "Lows"—where last year's cones lie thick and springy to the tread, and then following the curve of a hollow, where, in his season, that glorious vagabond, the rag-wort, lights up and relieves the mono-

tony of the moorland with his green and gold. Here we cross a faintly traceable Roman road, and, a few paces further on, the newly relaid iron track of the High Peak Railway—a suggestive conjunction on which one might moralise if there were time for it—and at last, after a particularly long and stern pull, we come out upon the great London Road, which here runs along the crest of the very highest wave within our ken. Looking towards Buxton on our right, it unrolls itself for some miles like a white ribbon with broad green borders, a ribbon on which there is no speck or stain, such as a way-farer or vehicle would mark it with, and there is no sound in the air but that voice of the wilderness, the melancholy cry of the plover. And yet this is the great North Road, which in the old coaching days was a merry, bustling, noisy highway, and there are still existing many signs of those days in the names of solitary farm-houses, once flourishing inns, which lie beside it between Ashbourne and Buxton. On this highway, amongst other vehicles, ran that famous one which Canning has immortalised:—

The Derby Dilly, with its six insides,  
Which down thy slope, romantic Ashbourne, glides.

And, doubtless, many a party, happily or unhappily bound for Gretna Green, has been whirled along it, throbbing with passion or trembling with fear, in the “good old times.”

Of the many inns of that period, the largest, “New-haven,” or “Th’ Aven,” as the dalesmen call it, is still an inn, a great wilderness of lofty and commodious chambers, corridors, and staircases, mostly empty and disused, which is flanked by a coachyard and stabling of immense extent. It stands at a great distance from any house on the road, and the pedestrians or gipsies, who are its chief customers, must in many instances be puzzled to account for its



existence. On two occasions in the year, however, a great fair is held here, when "Th' Aven" wakes up to receive and refresh a fair proportion of the bipeds and quadrupeds of rural Derbyshire, and a particularly picturesque pandemonium these visitors make of it during two days of late autumn. The "Jug and Glass," another of these old inns, which is now falling into decay, stands opportunely near the road which leads off to Hartington and Upper Dovedale, and at the junction of the roads there is a triangular patch of sward, tufted here and there with wild thyme and white clover, on which, after a short call for liquid refreshment at the "Jug and Glass," I have lain for an hour or more on a summer's day, and seen neither man nor horse, nor heard aught but the bleating of sheep, the buzzing of bees, or the songs of the skylarks.

A small paper-backed copy of "The Compleat Angler" and a farm dog named Jim have been my companions on such occasions, and I could not wish for better company or entertainment than they afforded me for the time and place. Jim and I usually first ate our bread and cheese together in equal apportionment (the preliminary Jug and Glass ceremony had been my personal affair), and then I have read out to him, to the delight of my own ear and heart, a few favourite passages from old Izaak, to which he seemed to listen with much apparent enjoyment, until, having heard, or pretended to hear, an interloping hare, he has rushed up, and over, a wall as in hot pursuit, and thus left me alone to my "Contemplative Man's Recreation."

Then follows a too brief time of sweet content, during which, and as part of which, I conjure up *in situ* a day dream of the quaint old angler himself, as he ambles leisurely along the road from his home at Stafford on his ancient mare, fit steed for a contemplative man, with his

saddle-bags and rods slung along her flanks, his grey curls falling down from under a broad brimmed hat upon his ample collar, and with a "face like a benediction" bent downwards over a rare book of ballads. He holds this in one bony hand, while with the other he marks time as he trolls out a stave or two—albeit in a somewhat cracked voice—and thus he passes on, a strange compound of unworldly simplicity and shrewd philosophy, into the mist of past ages.

As I thus lay, these, and other sights so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily expressed it:—

"I was for that time lifted above earth,  
And possessed joys not promised in my birth."

I am called back to the world and the nineteenth century by Jim, who is alternately barking and whining for me a little way down the Hartington road, and then we go "down, down, i' the Dale," winding our way through a long dry ravine, enclosed by melancholy hills, out of which the bony limestone crops here and there on either hand, until we come suddenly upon a few cottages half-hidden in roses, honeysuckles, and woodbine, which nestle under the rough crags of the widening valley, and then, turning a corner, find ourselves in the market-place of Hartington.

The church tower stands out boldly above the picturesque roofs of the village on one hand, many pretty cottages "girt round with greenery," climb the steep on the other, and in front of us there is the village green, with its duck-dotted pool, a few geese, and a donkey or two, a timber-waggon on which a fallen giant of the forest still puts forth fresh leaves even in death, whilst the team stands by with dangling harness and empty nosebags, and beyond the pool in the background there stretches the long range of the "Charles Cotton" hostelry. Our road here turns abruptly to the left, the village ceases,

and after a few steps we go through a stone stile, and climb by easy stages up, and partly round, a cone-shaped and terraced hill, bright with broom, until we reach a point of view of remarkable extent and variety.

"A wide, well-watered plain" is spread before us, through which meander the beautiful waters of the Dove and of the happily-named Manifold, here flashing in the sun, there deep in the shadow of noble woods, while across the plain, extending far into Staffordshire, the view is only bounded by the Ecton Hills, whose caves and minerals are the boast of the country side. After describing many beautiful curves, the nearest of these rivers—the Dove—seems to be making for a barely perceptible cleft in the hills, on one of which we are standing, and, gaining it, is there lost to sight under dark woods and frowning precipices. Our path now descends a lovely grass slope, beside a coppice, rich with anemones in the spring, and we follow it until we come upon a grove through which flows the darkling, and at this point, placid river. We cross it by a rough wooden footbridge, and then find ourselves in front of the famous Walton and Cotton fishing-house. It stands upon a peninsula, made by a bold horse-shoe curve of the Dove, within an enclosure of rustic woodwork, and is overshadowed by a grove of majestic limes and beeches which occupies the rest of the peninsula in its rear.

It is a quaint but substantial-looking building of rough stone, with well-tooled mouldings and reliefs, square in ground plan, and pyramidal in roof. The windows are mullioned, and the quarreled panes are in some cases latticed, and they are, in all, protected by stout wooden shutters. A few stone steps lead up to the strong oaken door, above which is a tablet with the inscription "*Piscatoribus sacrum*," and also bearing the interwoven

initials of Isaak Walton and Charles Cotton. And verily it was a rare inspiration which led Cotton to build his pleasure-house here, for there are few finer scenes in this our beautiful land than the one presented from the front windows of the fishing-house. One looks through them straight into the narrow opening of Beresford Dale, framed in with rocks and hanging woods, and a well-kept path leads from the door of the house across a flowery water meadow with a pretty curve of light brown gravel over the richly green turf, into the mouth of the glen, for such it is, at this point.

It is easy to understand the charm which this spot must have had for the master and his scholar, when having whipt the stream with success, they indulged themselves here in another kind of contemplative man's recreation, and held loving converse on the beauties of nature so lavishly displayed before them in terms like these of the "Compleat Angler": "I'll tell thee, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, that they were too pleasant to be looked on, but only on holidays."

And now we follow the path over "meadows trim with daisies pied" into the mouth of the glen, which barely allows passage for us and for the murmuring and fretting waters of the Dove as we enter this Gate of the Hills side by side. After a while the glen becomes a dale as it opens out a little, and the released waters—

Clear and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing, shallow, and dreamy pool—

ripple over the shingle with a dainty tinkling music, while

Melodious birds sing madrigals

in rivalry of each other and of the waters, out of the bushes which dot the slopes, or from the thickets which hang from the rocky walls above.

*A DERBYSHIRE HAUNT OF IZAAK WALTON.*

Beresford Dale, in which we are now standing, is the property of the Beresford Hopes, and they are careful to preserve its beauty and make it enjoyable to the infrequent and welcome visitor in many ways; as by planting trees and shrubs, placing seats at the best points of view, and by keeping the paths and bridges in good order. Beresford Old Hall, the ancient seat of the family, which stood for many years on the hill to the right, on the Staffordshire side of the river, has lately been pulled down, but the Dale is held as a favourite haunt and almost priceless possession of the family to this day.

On one of my visits here, in company with Jim, we came upon three men—not to speak of a certain dog—seated on the sward, evidently keepers or river watchers, in attendance on a gentleman who was tempting the Dove trout with a fly from the bank. As Jim and I approached the party, there was a sudden rush, and the finest bulldog I ever saw, a magnificent specimen of compact brute force, came across to interview us, whereat Jim, who was nothing if not bellicose, growled angrily. One of the men suddenly put out a gaff, which lay to his hand, and with the hook of it caught the bulldog by his collar ring, whilst I seized hold of Jim in great fear for the safety of my rash and injudicious field mate. Some two or three weeks afterwards, I found from the illustrated papers that Jim and I had thus interviewed Beresford Hope and the prize bulldog of the year.

A few hundred yards down the dale the Dove widens out into what is known as "The Pike Pool," and a pinnacle of limestone rock, some thirty feet high, stands out in the stream like a submerged steeple. Just above the pool there is one of the several pretty bridges which permit the use of either bank by Piscator or Viator, and a little below the pool, where the river leaves it in a charming

cascade, there stands against an ivy-draped rock one of the many rustic benches which I have referred to. On this have I sat and listened, with that inward ear which is one of the blisses of solitude, to a lay sermon on certain words of the Apocalypse which make one of the most beautiful conjunction of vowel sounds in our language. I refer to the passage ending with the melodious syllables

And his voice as the sound of many waters.

Hearing that sound, I have fancied that there was an echo of that voice coming down through the centuries, and have been more stirred by it than by many famous accreted echoes that I have heard at other times and places.

As we proceed down the dale for some half mile further, through a veritable Land of Beulah, we come upon many changes of scene and many points of interest, but beyond that, the hills gradually retire, and the river flows out into more open country, to become in appearance an ordinary lowland stream. This character it maintains for four or five miles further, until it reaches the rocky portals of what is more specially known as Dovedale, but with that portion of its course I have nothing to do in these notes. I have only one thing more to say of this favourite haunt of Izaak Walton during his forty years of leisure, and it is this.

Hartington will soon have the doubtful advantage of a railway station in its neighbourhood, and persons who have hitherto been unable to reach it, from want of time, or cash, or enterprise, will be enabled to visit the little paradise of Beresford Dale. When that happens it is sincerely to be hoped that the exquisite natural charms and the literary associations of the place will have their due effect in softening the manners and staying the ferocity of the average British Goth who does not seem to have penetrated as yet—

Thus far into the bowels of the land,



## ANGLE-TERRE.

BY W. R. CREDLAND.

Should you ask me in what country  
Grows the tree that daunteth care,  
I should answer, I should tell you—  
In the land of Angle-terre.

Beautiful it is and slender,  
Tall and strong and debonnaire;  
And its lovers call it bamboo  
In the land of Angle-terre.

Devoutly doth each devotee  
Who is wont to worship there,  
Choose the supplest rod that groweth  
In the land of Angle-terre.

Also takes he line in plenty,  
Yards a hundred, and to spare,  
Catches too the artificial  
Fly that flies in Angle-terre.

And his heart is light and joyous,  
As he wanders down to where  
Flows the fairest of all rivers  
Through the land of Angle-terre.

Gracefully and very deftly,  
With a skill beyond compare,  
Doth he flaunt the barbed mayfly  
O'er the streams in Angle-terre.

Tickling so the finny fancy  
That from out its mossy lair,  
Now a trout and now a grayling  
Is beguiled in Angle-terre.

Sweet it is when skies are tender,  
And perfumes bedrowse the air,  
To lie and dream by some bright stream  
In the land of Angle-terre.

Filling once again its valley  
With those gentle spirits rare,  
Who in golden days departed  
Loitered oft in Angle-terre.

See where midmost Izaak standeth,  
Tender-hearted—white of hair—  
On his lips some merry ballad,  
As of yore in Angle-terre.

Cotton at his feet reposing,  
Free from duns and free from care,  
Musing o'er a loving sonnet  
To his hut in Angle-terre.

Whilst peace among the angling throng  
Calmly reigneth everywhere,  
For each studies to be quiet  
In the land of Angle-terre.

In truth a gracious company,  
Ever haunts this land so fair—  
And the "gentle art" doth make us  
Brothers all in Angle-terre.





## THE HUMOUR OF IZAAK WALTON.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

“**A** NGLING,” says our English champion of the art, with an amusing ignorance of the pun in his remark, “Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be fully learnt.” This Euclidian reference in the double capacity of axiom and humour is apposite to the subject, as it is possible to lay down without suspicion of burlesque, a theorem for demonstration that “The Compleat Angler” is a humorous work. This presupposes a definition; and as definitions, like comparisons, especially of a punning nature, are odious, let us, as our ancient fisherbody’s quaint recipe has it, while waiting for fish to hook their supper and be hooked for that of some one else, “take a pipe of tobacco” and smoke out our thoughts, or, if it please you, smother them.

There are upwards of ten thousand definitions of humour, and no two exactly agree. On the supposition that you know them all, I relieve you of any possible tedium therefrom by forbearing to quote. I must, however, under necessity premise, that “true humour is sensibility in the most catholic and deepest sense; but it is the sport of sensibility; wholesome and perfect therefore, as it were, the playful teasing fondness of a mother to her child.”

The saying is Carlyle's. Had it been mine, I might have said, not in general but in particular, that our rodsman's humour was the sport of angling; wholesome, and, as it were, the playful teasing fondness of Izaak for fish.

I think I should have been more than half right in such a remark, for almost the full amount of the humour in the "Contemplative Man's Recreation" arises from its author's enthusiasm for his subject, blinding his vision for the ridiculous. Leigh Hunt, with a similarly distorted critical insight, observes—truthfully, as far as he sees, and so far I am in concord, for it is an instance of Izaak's weakness—"What are we to think of a man, who, in the midst of his tortures of other animals, is always valuing himself on his harmlessness; and who actually follows up one of his most complacent passages of this kind with an injunction to impale a certain worm twice upon the hook because it is lively and might get off"? Possibly this was the way in which Izaak relieved the tittle of human savagery that was in him; for in another passage, from which the Inquisition might have taken a lesson in torture, he tells you to take a frog and "put your hook through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook, . . . and in so doing, use him as though you loved him"! O fatal love! This is the blindness of enthusiasm which on occasion can act the ghoul, as when the gentle Izaak discourses on gentle breeding—mistake me not—the breeding of gentles out of decaying liver, dead and buried cat, or ditto kite, for future resurrection and mauling with the hands. "But," he concludes, "if you be nice to foul your fingers, which good anglers seldom are, try" another and cleaner recipe. And we would, even at the risk of being deemed a charlatan in this art of "angling which is so like poetry." What an affectation in com-

parison with these does the fisher's observation bear, that "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

Our gentlemanly angler's sense of humour is also wryed a little in an unchivalrous way when he thinks of woman and his art in a single thought. Whatever his love for his wives—first and second, in succession of course—it came, inferentially, after that for fish. When he presents Maudlin and her mother, in return for their pretty songs, with part of his catch, it is generally with that part he loves the least—the chub, a poor decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave, whose delicacy is almost equal to a fried paper of pins, with the further disadvantage that the bones are less regular. Another gaff he thrusts at woman is where he compares the spots giving to trout a "natural beauty, as I think was never given to any woman by the artificial paint or patches in which they so much pride themselves in this age." Later, he tells a story "of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was." Possibly he is here telling truth, for in the same breath he mentions "a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller," which bears some probability in comparison with Souvestre's tale of a catastrophic triviality—that of a man who killed himself, in revenge, because his coffee was served up without sugar. But Izaak's unkindest cut at woman is in the inherent contempt of his observations on the stickleback: "I know not where he dwells in winter, nor what he is good for in summer, but only to make sport for boys and women anglers and make bait." In these days we have other manners according to the novels of a living writer, many of whose heroines catch salmon in a way that would have jaundiced old Izaak with jealousy.

This is the worst side of the Angler's humour. Generally his mirth is of the mildest description. It possesses none of the strength and vigour of that of his predecessors, the Elizabethans, though its phraseology recalls that of the period of its writer's youth; nor is it tainted with the gross inuendo and grosser immorality characteristic of much of the contemporaneous and succeeding productions. His own advertisement of its nature is contained in his introduction: "I have in several places mixed, not any scurrility, but some innocent, harmless mirth of which, if thou be a severe, sour-complexioned man then I here disallow thee to be a competent judge." A good share of this is naturally what the progeny of his contemporary Roundheads, the Americans, call "fish stories," and in the Transatlantic sense they do seem somewhat "tall." "I have taken a pike a yard long several times at my bream hooks, and sometimes he hath the luck to share my line." Of For-didge trout, he says that only one was ever caught with a hook, "and Sir George Hastings thought that one bit, not for hunger, but wantonness." At another time he captured "a trout that will fill six reasonable bellies," whereby we infer that trout were larger then, or our bellies are unreasonable. Later he informs us, *re* the umber, that "Saint Ambrose, the glorious Bishop of Milan, calls him the flower of fishes, and he was so far in love with him that he would not let him pass without the honour of a long discourse." This recalls another remark of Leigh Hunt, that Izaak "really seems to have a respect for a piece of salmon; to approach it like the grace with his hat off." A big anecdote is that about the perch. "If there be twenty or forty in a hole they may be, at one standing, all caught one after another, they being like the wicked of the world, not afraid though their fellows and companions perish in their sight." Though for a long-

drawn-out tale we may recommend that of "an eel caught in the Peterborough river, a yard and three-quarters long."

Occasionally Mr. Piscator's humour is punctilious almost to faddiness, especially on his soul-absorbing topic. In mentioning the trout that ate the bait and left the hook, he says, "The trout is not lost, for, pray take notice, no man can lose what he never had." And, similarly, "The bait is lost and the fish too; if one may lose that which he never had;" in which there is a touch of Touchstone's tale of the Honourable Knight and the Mustard and Pancakes. This primness of manner occurs in various disguises. "Fishing is an art—or, at least, it is an art to catch fish." "I will give you some observations of the carp and how to angle for him, and to dress him—but not till he is caught." Amongst these observations he is careful to tell you that "you must put on a large measure of patience;" and on the subject of frogs, he quaintly says, "Lebault allows water-frogs to be good meat, especially in some months if they be fat; but you are to note that he is a Frenchman." His preciseness of humour extends also, as he remarked in his preface, to his behaviour, and he has a most courtly way of impressing his morality upon his companions. "I find my scholar to be so suitable to my own humour, which is to be free and pleasant and civilly merry." This he accentuates again and again, as where he observes "A companion that is cheerful and free from swearing and scurrilous discourse is worth gold," and it is not difficult to imagine him emphasising with sundry taps on the inn table, "at a gentle touch at singing and drinking, but the last with moderation," that "I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning," and "I would rather be a civil, well-governed, well-grounded temperate poor angler than a drunken lord." He even goes so far in con-

demning condemnatory speech, as "to advise anglers to be patient and forbear swearing, lest they be heard and catch no fish."

Having set out with the intention of being mirthful, he has not escaped the temptation of playing with words, and, for his serious disposition, to such an extent that he develops puns by accident. I began with one, and follow it with his assertion, that the French call the umber of Lake Lemman "*un umble chevalier*." He is also acquainted with a fish called the Pope, and another, the Bleak, that, appropriately enough, may be caught with a Paternoster line. There are more such, better and worse, but these are quite sufficient to exemplify his possession of the "foundation of wit," if only by chance.

His verbal quips are mostly quaint antitheses and aptitudes of phrase. He observes that "there be many men whom we condemn and pity—men that are condemned to be rich." From Mr. Venator's mouth we hear that a lecture on angling will be "watery discourse," to which our lecturer replies with some piscine acidity that he "would not put too much vinegar in it;" but instead he sweetens it to such an extent that scoffer Venator remains to prey on fish and confesses, "Sir, you have angled me on with much pleasure to the Thatched House," where their angling discourse is mild-drawn rather than watery. So similarly at the hostelry of Mine Hostess of the Lavender, Mr. Piscator moves, "Let each man drink a pot for his morning's draught," which brother Peter aptly seconds with "The motion is liked by everybody." He is likewise happy in his sermon on fly-making, which he begins, "You are to note that there are twelve kinds of artificially made flies," and ends "there you have a jury of flies likely to betray and condemn all the trouts in the river." In the same vein, chatting on the caddis worm, he remarks, "I

know not how or of what this caddis receives life, but doubtless they are the death of many trouts," a knowledge quite ample for his purpose.

In the use of simile, its essential quality is its aptitude; but it is easier to be tedious than pithy. Whatever Izaak may have perpetrated of the former nature, of the latter there are certainly one or two fair samples to be found. "Fishing with a dead rod and laying night hooks are like putting money to use; for they both work for the owners when they do nothing but sleep or eat or rejoice." This parable he uses again when he suggests that after the shower, while their lines were lying in the river, he and his companion should "try what interest our angles will pay us for lending them so long to be used by the trouts; lent them, indeed, like usurers, for our profit and their destruction." Furthermore, on the delusion of the carp by various compounds, he observes, "As for pastes, there are almost as many sorts as there are medicines for the tooth-ache." And speaking of the supposed hibernation of breams, he remarks that "it seems almost as incredible as the resurrection to an atheist." "The Perch," he also says, "will set up his fins much like a turkey cock will sometimes set up his tail." As for eels, "I will let them alone, as the Jews do, to whom they are forbidden;" and in praise of the bleak, he offers the observation that this fish "has the fortune, which virtue has in poor people, to be neglected."

When Izaak's life comes to be written in full, we shall doubtless find that he was one of the principal performers in one or more lawsuits, or perhaps he was a witness on the losing side and never pocketed his fees. Possibly he was one of those super-educated, underpaid, legislating dummies, upon whose shoulders a somnolent judge comfortably slides his own burden of responsibility—a British

juror; or it may be that he parted with occasional five shillings and sundry pecuniary mysteries called "costs," for the privilege of catching two pennyworth of fish, or himself waiting to be caught waiting to catch fish in another man's piscary. Whatever be the truth of the matter, he has somehow acquired a knowledge of legal administration—of the Stuart Period—and its professors—of the same era—when he would rather have remained in the bliss of the most Stygian depth of ignorance. Why, otherwise, should our piscatorial hoser long for the banks of a fat stream—

Where, free from lawsuits and the noise  
Of Prince's Courts, I would rejoice?

Or be glad to sit on cowslip banks, "when the lawyer is swallowed up with business" (an impossible state of legal existence).

His experience in purchasing a little garden and house—in Jacobean days, of course—may have led him to speak of earlier times "when there were fewer lawyers, when men might have had a lordship safely conveyed to them in a piece of parchment no bigger than your hand, though several sheets will not do it in this wiser age."

He has also an equal amount of adoration for the professors of medicine. "Perch is so wholesome that physicians allow him to be eaten by wounded men or by men in fever." By others he is held "hard of digestion." Again, "physicians account the eel dangerous meat," though "Aldovrandus and divers physicians commend the eel very much for medicine." With these differences of opinion in mind Izaak remarks, with sarcasm: "There are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers." In this—surely mistaken—belief he lived to the age of only ninety-one; a life that touched Edmund Spenser at the beginning and Joseph Addison at its close.



Izaak's humour sometimes runs to riddles. During an otter hunt, he quizzingly asks, "Do you hunt a beast or a fish?" And the answer, diplomatic as one of Dr. Johnson's, is, "Sir, it is not in my power to resolve you. I leave it to be resolved by the College of Carthusians who have made vows never to eat flesh."

Before quitting the subject, it would be unfair to the Angler's reputation to omit to mention the passages most characteristic of his humorous side, and for the reason that they are the best, they have been reserved for the end. They smack somewhat of the old monkish tales in the *Gesta Romanorum*, with a flavour about them of Thomas Fuller, Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Browne, and are noticeable as, probably, conundrums of the time. I refer to the stories of the gipsies and the beggars.

"On the other side of this very hedge sat a gang of gipsies, and near to them sat a gang of beggars. The gipsies were then to divide all the money that had been got that week, either by stealing linen or poultry, or by fortune-telling, or legerdemain, or indeed by any other sleights and secrets belonging to their mysterious government. And the sum that was got that week proved to be but twenty and some odd shillings. The odd money was agreed to be distributed amongst the poor of their own corporation; and for the remaining twenty shillings, that was to be divided unto four gentlemen gipsies, according to their several degrees in their commonwealth. And the first or chiefest gipsy was, by consent, to have a third part of the 20s., which all men know is 6s. 8d. The second was to have a fourth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 5s. The third was to have a fifth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 4s. The fourth and last gipsy was to have a sixth part of the 20s., which all men know to be 3s. 4d. And yet he that divided the money was so very a

gipsy, that, though he gave to every one their said sums, yet he kept 1s. of it for himself. But now you shall know that when the four gipsies saw that he had got 1s. by dividing the money, though not one of them knew any reason to demand more, yet, like lords and courtiers, every gipsy envied him that was the gainer, and wrangled with him, and every one said the remaining shilling belonged to him; and so they fell to so high a contest about it, as none that knows the faithfulness of one gipsy to another will easily believe: only we that have lived these last twenty years are certain that money has been able to do much mischief. However, the gipsies were too wise to go to law, and did therefore choose their choice friends, Rook and Shark, and our late English Gusman, to be their arbitrators and umpires; and so they left this honey-suckle hedge, and went to tell fortunes and cheat, and get more money and lodging in the next village.

"When these were gone, we heard a high contention amongst the beggars, whether it was easiest to rip a cloak or to unrip a cloak. One beggar affirmed it was all one. But that was denied by asking her if doing and undoing were all one. Then another said 'twas easiest to unrip a cloak, for that was to let it alone.' But she was answered by asking her how she unripped it if she let it alone? and she confessed herself mistaken. These, and twenty such like questions were proposed, and answered with as much beggarly logic and earnestness as was ever heard to proceed from the mouth of the most pertinacious schismatic, and sometimes all the beggars, whose number was neither more nor less than the poet's nine Muses, talked together about this ripping and unripping, and so loud, that not one heard what the other said; but at last one beggar craved audience, and told them that old father Clause, whom Ben Jonson, in his 'Beggar's Bush,' created king

of their corporation, was to lodge at an ale-house called 'Catch-her-by-the-way,' not far from Waltham Cross, and in the high road towards London; and he, therefore, desired them to spend no more time about that and such-like questions, but refer all to father Clause at night, for he was an upright judge, and in the meantime draw cuts what song should be next sung, and who should sing it. They all agreed to the motion; and the lot fell to her that was the youngest and veriest virgin of the company. And she sang Frank Davison's song, which he made forty years ago; and all the others of the company joined to sing the burthen with her. The ditty was this, but first the burthen:

Bright shines the sun, play, beggars, play!  
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day."





## IZAAK WALTON AND GILBERT WHITE.

### AN IMPRESSIONIST'S VIEW.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

"THE Compleat Angler," and "The Natural History of Selborne." Yes, you are both there on the shelves of my library, where you have had conspicuous places for many years; and now I must take you down again, not, as I have frequently done before, simply to enjoy the fragrant open-air freshness of your pages, but to sum up my impressions of you and your authors in a written form, turn author myself in fact, with you for my subjects, which is indeed a very much more serious matter. The reason for this—good, bad, or indifferent, as it may be—is that you, Master Izaak Walton, came into the world three centuries ago, and you, my right reverend instructor, Gilbert White, passed out of it two centuries afterwards. So like the village blacksmith, in relation to his departed spouse, I "needs must think of you once more, how in the grave you lie;" and this thought, if it serves no better purpose, may help to revive some pleasant associations, and afford me an opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for those literary treasures bequeathed by both of you, and of which I am, at least, a grateful recipient.

First, then, let me deal with you, Master Walton, and say that I was an angler long before I became acquainted with you and your charming book, which, however, has so far failed in its purpose as to leave me, where it found me, a very incomplete angler. I still retain an affection for your volume, where your thoughts lie "clear as pebbles in a brook;" but I have long since broken my last fishing-rod, and no temptation on your part, I fear, will lead me now to possess another. Nevertheless, I have no objection at any time to go a-fishing with you, because you conduct me to pleasant "rivers by whose falls, melodious birds sing madrigals," and your conversation has often a sweetness about it not less melodious than theirs. But I am anticipating, and must hark back to the time when I was as indifferent to Izaak Walton—knowing him not—as the squire's son of whom Tennyson writes was to the miller's daughter, when he says—

And on the slope, an absent fool,  
I cast me down, nor thought of you,  
But angled in the higher pool.

Since I came to know you, however, "you seem a part of those old days to me," because in your book there is more than one passage that strikes a sympathetic chord which vibrates with those youthful memories.

Among other fishes of a nobler type you deal with the homely gudgeon, likewise the more lowly loach—the "Tommy Loach," we called him. Of the first of these you say:—"The Gudgeon is reputed a fish of excellent taste, and to be very wholesome; he is of a fine shape, of a silver colour, and beautified with black spots both on his body and tail. . . . He is commended for a fish of excellent nourishment; the Germans call him Groundling, by reason of his feeding on the ground; and he there feasts himself in sharp streams, and on the gravel. He and the

barbel both feed so, and do not hunt for flies at any time, as most other fishes do: he is an excellent fish to enter a young angler, being easy to be taken with a small red worm, on or very near to the ground. He is one of those leather-mouthed fish that has his teeth in his throat, and will hardly be lost off from the hook if he be once stricken." Then, further on, you say:—"The Loach is, as I told you, a most dainty fish, he breeds and feeds in little and clear swift brooks or rills, and lives there upon the gravel, and in the sharpest streams: he grows not to be above a finger long, and no thicker than is suitable to that length. . . . This fish is usually full of eggs or spawn, and is by Gesner and other learned physicians commended for great nourishment, and to be very grateful both to the palate and stomach of sick persons: he is to be fished for with a very small worm at the bottom, for he very seldom or never rises above the gravel, on which I told you he usually gets his living." Now these fishes, dear Master Piscator, were in my time accounted almost royal among the finny tribe by youthful anglers.

To lure from their lairs the gudgeon or the loach, and land them on the grassy bank, marked the limits of our ambition and our knowledge of the angler's craft. For my own part I cannot charge myself with ever hooking anything fishy of a larger size than these, for I never came to angle with a fly; moreover, I was profoundly ignorant of the natural history of what I angled for until I came to read your book, but, at least, I can testify with you to the delicate daintiness of the gudgeon and the lusciousness of the loach, when these spoils of the stream found their way to the tea-table. They are counted now among the lost delights of life, for it is long, long since they were tasted, and where, pray, can you get these gudgeon or loaches now, except you go to fish for them? But there is a

lingering sweetness for the mental palate in your quaint words, Master Izaak; and as I read them, I sit once more by Mersey side and watch the float swaying idly with the current, and realise again that delicious moment when, after dipping gently a time or two, it is pulled downwards, to reappear again quickly, as the line is drawn upwards, disclosing a silvery gudgeon struggling on the hook. It was on this Mersey side, by the accident of a fall backwards over the bank, that I broke my last fishing-rod; but such an instrument of sport would be useless there now, for they have so far polluted the stream in that reach of it, that neither gudgeon nor loach nor any other fish can live in its waters.

Though I have ceased to angle, I love the society of anglers, and most of all, men of thy type of mind, worthy Izaak, who blend with their sport a love for Nature and literature. Of these is Charles Kingsley, a modern disciple of thine, to whose "Chalk Stream Studies" I can go again and again, as to a stream of sweet and wholesome conversation. Your angler is almost always a good talker, and very often a story-teller, though they say the golf player is now taking precedence of him in that regard. In thy talk, Master Piscator, there is a very curious blend of poetry, philosophy, natural history, piety, and lore piscatorial. So as I wander out with thee and thy friends in the sweet May morning, and follow your footsteps by some meandering stream, and listen to your talk, I hear much that delights my mind, and I am thankful that I have been introduced to such excellent society. You are "men by nature fitted for contemplation and quietness, of mild and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, indeed, most anglers are." You have, withal, a taste for creature comforts, and there is not only high thinking, but much good eating and drinking in the intervals of your sport. You are early

risers, and there is a sniff of the morning air and something appetizing in those words of thine, Piscator, when, addressing thy pupil, thou sayest: "My honest scholar, it is now past five of the clock; we will fish till nine, and then go to breakfast. Go you to yonder sycamore tree and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time, and in that place, we will make a brave breakfast, with a piece of powdered beef, and a radish or two that I have in my fish bag; we shall, I warrant you, make a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast."

As we proceed in our day's sport, I being for the time, your scholar, you will discourse to me variously, and we shall often sit together under a honeysuckle hedge, for you are very fond of that fragrant kind of shelter, and we never seem to be far away from such a resting-place in our travels together. So when a shower is like to come on, you will address me thus: "But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, toward yonder high honeysuckle hedge; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these radiant meadows. Look! under that broad beech tree I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree near to the brow of that primrose hill. There I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble stones which broke their waves and tumbled them into foam. And sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun; and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights



had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet hath happily exprest it:—

I was for that time lifted above earth,  
And possest joys not promised in my birth."

A very sweet pastoral truly, good master, but when you go on to tell me about that handsome milkmaid, who sang Kit Marlowe's song, "Come live with me and be my love," and of her mother who gave the answer to it—

If all the world and love were young,

and you make reference to the milkmaid's lover, Coridon, and of his playing sweetly on an oaten pipe, charmingly as these things fit the situation, can you say, on your honour, that you have not been drawing a little on your imagination, as anglers are sometimes said to do? But if fiction it be, it is very pleasant and admissible, as, all the same too, is that ideal angler's inn, with its smiling hostess, its walls with twenty ballads stuck upon them, and its beds with snow-white sheets perfumed with lavender. With these things your book is made as pleasant as your inn, and it also has at least twenty ballads and songs scattered over its pages, not to speak of pious lines like those of good George Herbert:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky.

But you blend your piety curiously sometimes, my revered master, as where it comes in, the while you are describing how to bait a hook with a frog. "Put your hook in his mouth," say you, "which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how."

I must confess, my pious Piscator, that the introduction of the sacred name under such conditions jars a little, and that the absence of any sense of cruelty to the frog is somewhat incomprehensible in one of such a sweet and gentle disposition as yourself. Others have used harsh words in dealing with this peculiarity of yours, notably Byron, when he wrote of angling as a solitary vice—

Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says.  
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet  
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

It is a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of a poet sometimes, but doubtless you and Byron may have come to a better understanding with each other if you have met on the other side of Styx. That question of cruelty in sport is a difficult one to deal with. Whether the worm was a sensitive creature or not, I am afraid we never stopped to enquire when we used it as a bait for gudgeon, and perhaps, old Izaak, you were so much of a boy in your sport as to give no thought to the frog upon your hook in this regard. Better, it seems, would it be, if one must go a-fishing, to dispense with live bait and use that which is artificial.

But enough of this; cruel coxcomb or not, whether you wrote with affectation, or quite sincerely, as one would fain believe, you have left us a delightful book, which, if it contained nothing better, would still be worthy of our regard by reason of the advice given in its concluding line wherein you recommend your readers to "Study to be quiet."

And now I find that I have spent so much time over you and your "Compleat Angler," that I have scarce any left for the "History of Selborne" and its author. It was a red-letter day when (for five shillings, was it?) I picked up from an old bookstall a copy, which I take

to be an original edition. It has fair broad pages, and is adorned with quaint views of Selborne, which have much pictorial interest for me, as illustrating the references in the text of those letters, which will never cease to fascinate the true lover of Nature. When I read them, my dear reverend naturalist, I do not know which to admire most; your sympathetic curiosity or your painstaking perseverance. You are one of those minute philosophers, who strive to be exact to a degree which brings the blush of shame to a mere impressionist like myself. You were not a sportsman, like old Izaak, and do not seem to have had much opportunity for studying fishes. In one of your letters you say, "Our streams, which are small and rise only at the end of our village, yield nothing but the bull's-head, or miller's thumb, the trout, the eel, and the stickleback," and in another you say, "A person by my order has searched our brooks, but found no such fish as the *gasterosteus pungitius*; he found the *gasterosteus aculeatus* in plenty. This morning, in a basket, I packed a little earthen pot full of wet moss, and in it some sticklebacks, male and female; the females big with spawn: some lamperins, some bull's-heads; but I could procure no minnows. This basket will be in Fleet Street by eight this evening; so I hope Mazel will have them fresh and fair to-morrow morning." From a distance, you tell us you have procured some loaches which were brought to you "safe and brisk in a glass decanter," whereupon you give an accurate description of this interesting fish. Moreover, you devote a letter to the description of gold and silver fish kept in a glass bowl, which you have met with at the house of a friend, and which opportunity of studying an unfamiliar subject gives you immense satisfaction. But your strength lies not in this direction, but in many others

that I have not space now to indicate. I think you anticipated Darwin in your letter on earthworms, and that his book is the response to your expressed desire that some one should write a "monography" on that interesting subject. In all these matters you had a pious belief in the existence of a God of Nature, and though the reflective element only crops out here and there in your epistles, it is of a very devotional kind. Other naturalists, or observers of Nature, have blended the psychological element with it in a much more subtle degree, but within your limits you are honest, unassuming, and painstaking. In observing Nature you did the duty that lay nearest to you, and the result is a book so charming in its revelation of a sweet simplicity and singleness of purpose, that the world will not willingly allow it to pass into obscurity.





## ON THE STYLE OF GILBERT WHITE.

BY GEORGE MILNER.

THE unfailing popularity of Gilbert White's Letters during the course of more than a century—they were first published in 1789—is, no doubt, owing to the fact that they deal with two subjects which have always had a singular charm for Englishmen—Rural Life and Natural History. At the same time, I think it would be a mistake to suppose that the style in which the letters are written has had nothing to do with their almost unexampled success. On the contrary, I believe that the "Natural History of Selborne" is no exception to the general rule, that if a book is to live, it must have fitness and grace of style as well as weight of subject. I have no wish, of course, to contend that White was what, in the cant phrase of the day, is called a "stylist." I should be sorry to think that he was anything of the sort. I usually find that those to whom this objectionable term is applied are persons with a very bad style—bad, because it is artificial, laboured, and self-conscious; superinduced rather than evolved—a thing which is laid upon the

matter instead of growing naturally out of it. Of this kind of writing White shows no trace; but a careful examination of the well-known pages will prove that he had a style of his own, and that it was an excellent one for its purpose.

To begin with, the style, as is always the case, if it be genuine, is like the man. We know little of White's personality, except by inference and deduction. He lived a retired and unobtrusive life in what was then a remote country village; few reminiscences of him are obtainable, and no portrait exists or was ever known to exist; but, so far as we are able to reproduce his image, he stands before us as a "Quiet old gentleman with very old fashioned sayings;" a methodical person, prim even, straightforward, transparent, gentle, kindly, scholarly; with a marvellous and untiring power of observation, an inexhaustible curiosity, and a genuine interest—a religious interest as well as a scientific one—in all the forms and developments of being. Now the style of the book answers to all this. There is no circumlocution or rigmorole; no posing, no seeking for effects, no affectations, no obscurities. Once he gives us, apologetically, an opinion of his own style—"On a retrospect," he says to Thomas Pennant in the Sixtieth Letter—"I observe that my long letter carries with it a quaint and magisterial air, and is very sententious; but when I recollect that you requested stricture and anecdote, I hope you will pardon the didactic manner for the sake of the information it may happen to contain." To convey information of a precise and accurate character was, no doubt, White's proper and principal object; and, for this purpose, his style is admirably adapted. It has, in fact, the first and important quality of a good style—it is clear; and there is, therefore, no chance of misunderstanding what it is he has to say. I

find that much of the pleasure that the book gives to my own mind arises from this excellence alone. There is also a directness of statement and a power of grasping the essential points in a description which are quite noteworthy. As an instance of this take the First Letter, in which, before entering upon details or general subjects, he describes the Parish of Selborne in a most minute manner, and yet with brevity, giving its exact situation, its relation to other places, its surroundings, its character geologically, its coverture of woods, the nature of its soils, the prospect from its hills, its wells and springs and rivers; and, finally, its village-street. I venture to submit that this letter, laying down as it does with a firm and masterly hand a picture of the central scene and arena and background of all that is to follow, may be taken as a model of what descriptive writing of the kind ought to be. Such straightforward sentences as the following are very common—"Some young men went down lately to a pond on the verge of Wolmer Forest to hunt flappers, or young wild-ducks, many of which they caught, and, among the rest, some very minute yet well-fledged wild-fowls alive, which upon examination I found to be teals. I did not know till then that teals ever bred in the south of England, and was much pleased with this discovery: this I look upon as a great stroke in natural history." (Letter 53.)

Yet with all this plainness and directness, he frequently rises quite naturally to an elevation where the traces of style become apparent. As illustrations of what is meant take the following passages:—"If these little delicate beings are birds of passage, how could they, feeble as they seem, bear up against such storms of snow and rain, and make their way through such meteorous turbulences as one should suppose would embarrass and retard the

most hardy and resolute of the winged nation? Yet they keep their appointed times and seasons, and in spite of frosts and winds return to their stations periodically, as if they had met with nothing to obstruct them." (Letter 10.)

"The blackcap has in common a full, sweet, deep, loud, and wild pipe; yet that strain is of short continuance, and his motions are desultory; but when that bird sits calmly and engages in song in earnest, he pours forth very sweet, but inward melody, and expresses great variety of soft and gentle modulations, superior, perhaps, to those of any of our warblers, the nightingale excepted."

"In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body and huge horizontal arms, extending almost to the extremity of the area. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings; where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them." (Letter 2.)

This last is a little poem in all but metrical form. I should like to give in full the Letter which describes the Idiot Boy of the village, and his passion for bees. It is too long, however, for quotation, and I can only refer to it as an excellent example of the Selborne style. (Letter 59.)

It remains only to say that the pages of his "Natural History" are often graced with such apt quotations from the classic poets, as well as from English writers, as are sufficient to prove that his scholarship was both accurate and liberal. His most frequent extracts are from Virgil; but he also draws upon Lucretius, Horace, Ovid, and others. His English quotations are chiefly from Milton, but there is one at least from Shakespeare, and it is a



passage of which it may be said that to know it, and to appreciate it, and to quote it aright is in itself a distinction :—

Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty.

I may add that certain exercises in verse—naturally in the manner of Pope—which occur in the “Natural History” and in his Miscellaneous Letters, seem to show that he had paid some attention to the niceties of English prosody.





## A NOTE ON GILBERT WHITE.

BY WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

“THE Natural History of Selborne” is one of the books of our affections. It is not merely recreation for the mind; it warms the heart and fills us with goodwill for the author. It has an abiding charm. What is the secret of this charm? The question is worth attention, for the book has a unique position among our classics.

Let us first recall a few facts as to White's life. He was born July 18th, 1720, and ended a career of unbroken tranquillity June 26th, 1793. Except during his Oxford course of study he spent nearly the whole of his life at Selborne, in the County of Hampshire. He never married. For some years he was curate of the parish of Selborne, after having served in that capacity in the neighbouring parish of Faringdon. Doubtless he fulfilled the duties of this position punctiliously, but the parishioners of Selborne, in whom he was deeply and lovingly interested, dwelt rather in its woods and secret nooks than in its cottages. A simple country gentleman, he ambled gently through life, engrossed in his observations of Nature. The Selborne folk had no conception of the scope of his pursuits. “He was a still quiet body, and there wasn't a bit of harm in him, there wasn't indeed,” said one of them. He was in regular communication with the scientific men and societies

of his day, and towards the eve of his life, when he had completed his three-score years and ten, he collected many of his letters and presented them to the world in a quarto volume. From that moment England was richer. A really good book was added to her store. The little hamlet of Selborne thenceforth occupied a place in the hearts of all lovers of Nature, for it was now associated with records of English country life, which for candour, simplicity, and unvarnished truth were without a parallel.

One obvious reason for the continuous popularity of the book is its richness of anecdote, so agreeably and sympathetically narrated by the observer. He was a delightful "chronicler of the life and conversation of animals," particularly of his "sweet and delicate polyglots," the birds. To use his own words, he was "a very proper spy upon their motions," and "surveyed" them alive and dead. He recounts instances of great devotion among them. Witness the raven sitting upon her eggs, and refusing to escape even as the great tree, in which the nest was built, crashed down and destroyed her. Or the pair of little fly-catchers, who, having built their nest in an exposed position, found their brood in danger from the burning rays; prompted by parental love they screened their suffering offspring by hovering over them with expanded wings, themselves gaping for breath. Or the sparrow-hawk which, after many depredations among the poultry, was caught, disarmed of his natural weapons and means of escape, and thrown among the brood hens. These "exasperated matrons" upbraided, execrated, insulted, and triumphed over their erstwhile adversary, and never desisted until they had torn him into pieces.

Our author is never so happy as when telling these incidents of animal life. With what gusto he speaks of the artful pig, who was the determined mother of some three

hundred young ones ; or of the cat which fed and fondled a leveret in default of her natural progeny. These things are of more moment to him than all the hurly burly of the world's politics. America might assert her independence from the tenacious grasp of England. France might groan in travail, trying to deliver herself of the accumulated rottenness of past tyranny ; the Rev. Gilbert White serenely ignores these mighty struggles, as he writes up his calendar or prepares his monography on the British *Hirundines* for the Royal Society.

See him out in his garden on a mild winter's night, searching for worms by the light of a candle, or ascertaining the note of the owl with the aid of a pitch-pipe. See him noting the coming and going of his feathered friends, jotting down his memoranda in what may be called their "visiting-book." A garden fauuet he observes sipping nectar from the bells of the crown imperial ; a blue tit pecking the seeds from the head of a swaying sunflower ; swallows feeding their young on the wing ; a titmouse cunningly hung, back downwards, to draw straws from the eaves, and so get at the flies.

He keeps us constantly in the fields or the hanger, or his beloved garden. No other author so fills the mind with sunshiny days, and the pleasures of country life. His book is typical. Even now it stands alone in point of refined, leisurely, unstrained treatment of all that goes on in the quiet spots of rural England. He is on terms of close intimacy with all living creatures, and is willing to share the privileges of that intimacy with us. We, too, grow fond of his humble friends, and presently find ourselves sharing his affection and solicitude for the deliberate tortoise.

The secret and essential charm of White's book consists in the laying bare of his own personality. He reveals

himself unconsciously. "My little intelligence," he says, "is confined to the narrow sphere of my own observations at home." Whilst devoting his attention to the natural history of his parish, he described himself unawares without affectation. This delightful unconsciousness of his self-picturing is, I think, the very subtlest flavour of the dish he serves us. Think, for contrast, of the remarkable Frenchman who, in White's own time, had been writing his "Confessions" at Wootton, another of England's country nooks, Rousseau—restless, morbid, egotistical Rousseau. The two men were utterly unlike, except that both loved Nature. Their books are wide as the poles asunder. Rousseau, striving to speak faithfully of himself, tells us much that is distorted and sophisticated. White, naively unconscious, his mind bent upon other matters, discloses to us his very self. We may read the whole man, his habits and his daily life, the length, and breadth, and height of his nature; nothing is hidden, for of himself he is not thinking at all; he told us nothing, and yet everything, of himself.

Reading between the lines, we see him, a scholar, a fellow of Oriel, with rural Selborne for a background; his life one of leisure and happy serenity; his ambition confined to the nice examination and comprehension of Nature's secrets; his reading, though embracing the Bible, the classics, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Thomson, and many books of travels and natural history, yet ever dwelling with added zest upon passages which illumined his pet subjects. A man of old-fashioned dignity and courtesy, single-minded, systematic, candid, peaceful, placid, open-eyed, insatiable in his thirst for information in his chosen pursuits.

As the march of years began to leave its impress upon him his great regret was that his faculties were no longer so acute in their observation of natural phenomena:—

Frequent returns of deafness incommode me sadly, and half disqualify me for a naturalist ; for when these fits are upon me I lose all the pleasing notices and little intimations arising from rural sounds ; and May is to me as silent and mute with respect to the notes of birds, etc., as August. My eyesight is, thank God, quick and good ; but with respect to the other sense, I am, at times, disabled : " And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

White has been called the " Father of English Natural History." The exact meaning of this is not quite apparent. He was by no means the first in England to devote himself to a scientific investigation of Nature. Many had laboured before him. He, indeed, often quotes their writings. The works of Ray were constantly under his eyes. He was well read in the treatises of his day. Buffon was then at the height of his fame, and, above all, Linnæus, with whom White corresponded, was enriching science with his immense labours, and placing a vast amount of common knowledge in the hands of enquirers.

White's particular merit is that he was the first in England to give literary form to his observations, to popularise them, to wed dry facts to an easy, vigorous style. " Candour and openness," he said, " are the very life of natural history," and just what his keen eye saw he recorded in simple, direct, natural English. His epithets are sparing and apposite. He is strong and closely accurate in description ; rich in apt similitudes. He wastes no words, but keeps to the business in hand. Probably he never dreamt of " literature," and would have marvelled could he have foreseen the far-reaching popularity of his letters.

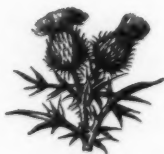
In the history of systematic science he does not occupy a very considerable place, though he has probably afforded hints to the greatest of our scientific scholars, not excluding specialists like Darwin. But as a stimulating power towards the general study of natural history, his influence has been enormous. He has taught multitudes to love Nature.

A NOTE ON GILBERT WHITE.

He led the way to that remarkable group of descriptive writers who have approached Nature in a spirit of reverence, and, with unparalleled intensity of enthusiasm, have striven to express the subtle relations between the physical and the spiritual. Our chatty old Selborne parson was the forerunner of such men as Thoreau, Jefferies, and Mr. Burroughs. True, they have strayed somewhat from the old paths. They are less given to measurements, anatomy, and the prosaic, sober marshalling of facts than he; Nature floods their whole souls; she is full of music to them, as she might be to all, if we would but attune ourselves to her harmonies; an omnipresent music creeps in their ears: the woods resonant with song, the whispering of innumerable leaves; the sighing of the wind, or its mighty roar as it bends the tall trees and calls to mind the myriad voices of the sea; the ripple and gurgle of running water; the language of living creatures; the crash and thunder of the storm; the hum and murmur and multitudinous sound of that which we call quietude. So with Nature in her thousand aspects. She calls up "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." The modern writers of Jefferies' stamp study her every mood and phase. Like White, they are "minstrels of the natural year," loving all living creatures for their own sake. But his "old simplicity," his easy leisure, his soberness and deliberation have given way to the more eager intensity which pervades our times. It is not now merely the understanding which our students bring to bear upon the endless marvels of external Nature; all their senses are keenly alive to her influences; their emotions, their imagination, the very depths of their natures are worked upon by the wonder and charm and unspeakable mystery which environ us. But Gilbert White, the old naturalist, the quiet, staid, conscientious observer of a century ago,

loses none of his hold upon our affection in these changing times. He is a tonic. He is what Carlyle calls "a kind heart in a kind environment of place and time." As a Manchester critic has most happily said, "His book is as homely and as wholesome as fresh cream and brown bread and butter." He has the freshness of our early poets. There is no touch of modernity in him. He drives from the mind all artificiality. With him at any moment we may be in the fields, face to face with the sweet and primal beauties of Mother Earth.

Thus hearing Nature speak in every sound,  
Goodness and love in all her works he found,  
Sermons in stones and in the running brooks,  
Wisdom far wiser than in printed books,  
And in the silence of his calm abode  
In Nature's works, he worshipped Nature's God.







CAPE CARTHAGE.

## CARTHAGE AND ITS QUEEN.

BY THOMAS KAY.

There stood a city on the sea  
 Manned by a Tyrian colony,  
 Named Carthage, fronting far to south  
 Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,  
 Rich in all wealth, all means of rule.  
 And hardened in war's sternest school.  
 Men say the place was Juno's pride  
 More than all lands on earth beside.  
*Æneid, Conington's Translation.*



HERE is a strange fascination to an Englishman in the consideration of the life of a people who 3,000 years ago were the foremost maritime people in the world, and who were also the greatest artificers, traders, and colonisers of that epoch. Their arts were the arts of peace, their sciences simple records of minute observation, and their commerce was conducted with honesty and confidence amongst the European,

Asian, and African tribes. They were not warriors. The Phœnician merchants, sailing in the summer time over the "cloud-shadowed sea," are pictured to us as exposing their goods for barter at some distance from their boats and retiring whilst the natives came to examine them. This form of barter shows a confidence in the morality of ancient peoples such as puts to shame the boasted civilisation of our time. The natives were accustomed to leave gold dust, ivory, food, or other commodities beside the Phœnician wares, as an equivalent, and retire therefrom until the traders had inspected their offer. If it was not enough, the traders retired again, and more was added to or not as the case might be, the whole being left intact until the bargain was completed, when each took his own and went his way.

The Sidonians, inhabiting a small port on the coast line of Canaan, as far as we know, were the first to develop this form of commerce with distant nations; and afterwards Tyre, a small city seated on two small islands a little southwards, shut in by the mountains of Lebanon, and unable to furnish itself with food other than by commerce, took up and extended this great business of barter and colonisation. Hiram, the King of Tyre, made friends everywhere. When David took the Jebusite stronghold and seated himself on Mount Sion, Hiram sent to him presents of cedar wood, and lent him artificers to build and decorate his palace. When Solomon ascended the throne and desired to build the great temple contemplated by his father, Hiram provided for him a master-workman whose mother was of the tribe of Dan, but whose father was a man of Tyre, and he was "skilful to work in gold and in silver, in brass, in iron, in stone and in timber, in purple and blue, in fine linen and in crimson; also to grave any manner of graving, and to find

out every device which shall be put to him."\* History has asserted that the work this man did was wonderful and marvellous of its kind, and it is significant of the fact that marriages between the Hebrew and Phœnician were not uncommon.

A century afterwards, about the time of Ahab, who married Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal, King of Sidon (another case of intermarriage), and of Jehu, the son of Jehoshaphat, who slew Jehoram, King of Israel, and Ahaziah the King of Judah; who caused Jezebel to be cast down from her chamber window to be trampled as the vilest of creatures beneath the hoofs of his horses, and her body to be left to the dogs, the scavengers of the city; who caused the seventy sons of Ahab to be slain, and having enticed all the worshippers of Baal into their temple until it was full from one end to the other, had them all murdered there. It was about the time when these things were taking place in Samaria that Athaliah, the Queen mother of Ahaziah, King of Judah, arose and destroyed all the seed royal in order to reign in his stead, and while the courts of Zion were thus being drenched with blood, the coasts of Canaan were being defiled by a tragedy which led to the founding of Carthage.

It is because there are no authentic chronicles of Tyre that one has to refer to these Jewish ones in order to picture to ourselves the social conditions which governed the rulers of Canaan twenty-five centuries ago—when the chosen people went after strange gods, and "Jeroboam caused Israel to sin."

As 'tis said, about a century after King Solomon's time, when Hiram had passed to his fathers, one Pygmalion

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\* 2 Chronicles, xi., 14.

reigned in Tyre, and he had a married sister named Elissa. As I purpose to pourtray her character by induction from what has been her history rather than from what has been stated of herself, I will ask you to believe her to have been beautiful in person, high-souled in thought, dignified in demeanour, and just beyond measure, for she became the founder of Carthage and the Queen Dido of the Mediterranean.

Her brother, the King of Tyre, killed or caused to be killed, her husband, whom some name Sycheus, others Acerbas. This is all we know as a fact. Virgil makes Venus, speaking to her son Æneas, say :—

Sycheus was her husband once,  
The wealthiest of Phœnicia's sons :  
She loved him ; nor her sire denied,  
But made her his, a virgin bride.  
But soon there filled the ruler's place  
Her brother, worst of human race,  
Pygmalion : 'twixt the kinsmen came  
Fierce hatred, like a withering flame.  
With avarice blind, by stealthy blow  
The monster laid Sycheus low,  
E'en at the altar, recking naught  
What passion in his sister wrought :  
Long time he hid the foul offence,  
And, feigning many a base pretence,  
Beguiled her love-sick innocence.  
But as she slept, before her eyes  
She saw in pallid ghastly guise  
Her lord's unburied semblance rise ;  
The murderous altar he revealed,  
The death-wound, gaping and unhealed,  
And all the crime the house concealed :  
Then bids her fly without delay,  
And shows, to aid her on her way,  
His buried treasures, stores untold  
Of silver and of massy gold.  
She heard, and quickened by affright,  
Provides her friends and means of flight.  
Each malcontent her summons hears,  
Who hates the tyrant, or who fears ;

The ships that in the haven rode  
They seize, and with the treasures load :  
Pygmalion's stores o'er ocean speed,  
And woman's daring wrought the deed.  
The spot they reached where now your eyes  
See Carthage towers in beauty rise.

Sycheus is stated to have been a High Priest, and to have occupied a position next in honour to the King, so that he would in all probability be Prime Minister. Like the High Priests of all ages, he had the reputation of possessing great wealth.

It is somewhat curious that his name should be distinctly Israelitish, Sycheus being the same as Zacheus.

In the same way his wife Elissa or Eliza, bears a close relationship to Elisha and Elijah, which, in the Hebraic form, mean the servants of the God of their salvation.

The proper names of individuals seem to express a very strong emphasis of race at this period ; for instance Jehu, Jehoiada, and Jehoshaphat, etc., imply that they are the servants of Jehovah, the Jewish God ; and Ethbaal, Jezebel, Hasdrubal, Hannibal, etc., signify their devotion to Baal, the Phœnician god.

It may be very rash, but I shall on these grounds boldly assume that Eliza's mother was of the house of Israel. The King of Egypt gave Solomon a daughter to wife, and it may have been that Solomon himself gave his daughters from these Gentile wives, and history says he had plenty of them, as peace offerings to the Kings and Princes of Tyre and Sidon. If this was so, Elissa, Eliza, or Queen Dido, as she was afterwards called, was of the royal house of David. Her husband, Acerbas or Zycheus, if not a born Jew, may have become one,\* as you may read in Esther during the

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\* "Many from among the peoples of the land became Jews."—Esther viii, 17.

prime ministership of Mordecai under Ahasuerus in Shushan.

The one thing certain is that Zychæus was murdered, and the inference is that it was done secretly, and the horror of it revealed to his wife in a dream. This is the poet's suggestion. Whether it really was occasioned by a desire for his wealth we do not know, but it seems very unlikely that the King of the richest commercial city in the world at that time should be in need of it. Pygmalion may have been incited to it by rivalry, power, plots, religion, or revenge, or he may have simply signed a death-warrant decreed by the State. Zychæus may have refused to sacrifice his first-born to Baal, or he may have been a Hebrew prince, and was killed in revenge of the massacres by Jehu of Phœnician subjects, the Queen Jezebel, and the worshippers of Baal at Jezreel.

You must take this suggestion for what it is worth. It is not unreasonable from the fact that intermarriages between Jews and Phœnicians, as has been previously indicated, were not uncommon, and if Zychæus was slain in requital of the murders by Jehu, there is a very good reason indeed why Eliza should secretly depart, and indeed be helped to do so, lest the people when they heard of the death of Jezebel should have slain her also. Each event, as far as I can make out, synchronises well with the other. I make this suggestion believing that there is a substratum of likelihood in it. Virgil never believed there was anything of the sort in his own story. It is a curious thought, if it should be true, that the murder of Jezebel led to the founding of Carthage, and that the key to the mystery should be found, as many others have been, in the Jewish chronicles of the Old Testament.

Queen Dido had a numerous following of servitors; and undoubtedly possessed great fortitude, a noble disposition,

and a dignified and exalted nature such as we usually associate with those who are descended from a royal line.

In that age, when womanhood was a chattel, and women in Phœnicia were mere devotees to a low religious cult, or were used as mere slaves, or given away as concubines; it was a remarkable resolution for a woman to make, to expatriate herself from the land of her kindred, and to depart or escape, it may be secretly, with her maids and followers, to a distant land, to find peace, independence, and retirement from her evil environment. She did so, and landed with her friends at Utica, probably used at that time as a trading depôt by the merchants of Tyre. A few miles to the south along the coast, a point of land stretches into the sea between it and a large lake or gulf, which is still called Cape Carthage. Here she bargained for a piece of land, for which she contracted to pay a ground rent to the natives. The story of cutting a hide into strips to cheat the natives in the measurement is not to be accepted. If the measurement were taken in this way, it was doubtless done subject to their comprehension of it.

There have been many colonising voyages recorded in history, but this is unique in being the adventure of a woman. Her sex may have had a potent influence with the tribes, who, although called barbarians, may not necessarily have been barbarous. A man perhaps would have been distrusted, but she does not seem to have been so, for she secured their confidence and goodwill.

The subject of Queen Dido and Carthage has been a favourite one with poets and painters. Our English painter, Turner, presented two of his own pictures to the nation, on condition that they should be hung between two of Claude's, who lived about two centuries before him. Turner was ambitious of vieing with the master who had deeply impressed him with his classical thought and richness of

artistic treatment. They are now hung, as he wished them to be, in the National Gallery. Turner's principal picture is "The Building of Carthage, or Founding of the Carthaginian Empire," which is placed alongside of Claude's "Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba" (or "Dido," as is more likely). Turner's picture is a direct crib from that of Claude. It has the same scheme of colour, with perhaps a greater breadth of treatment. There is a pseudo-monument to Zycheus, taken from a Greek architectural pattern, with the Queen in company with her maids gazing upon the growing palaces. An impression gained from careful observation is, that Turner's "Carthage" will become a thing of the past, whilst Claude's "Queen" will remain a thing of beauty for many generations more than his. This may be ascribed, if it turns out to be true, to the unstable colours he used as compared with the pigments of the older painters. He has another picture of Æneas and Dido seeking shelter from the storm. Virgil in his *Æneid* sends his hero after the fall of Troy to Carthage, there to recount his woes and fill the heart of its Queen with that pity which is akin to love, and takes advantage of the fact that the Trojans and the Tyrians were of the Semitic origin. He introduces Venus as the mother of Æneas, plotting for her son to obtain the Queen's love, and Juno furthers her design, to the displeasure of Jove, who commands Æneas to depart and fulfil his mission of founding a city in Italy. Virgil then describes the forsaken Dido as building a great pyre of wood and performing self-immolation with a sword Æneas had left.

This is pure romance, not founded on historical fact. It gives opportunity, however, for him to make the forsaken Queen say, as with prophetic ire, of the Punic wars which were to come, in her passion and despair,—



And, Tyrians, you, through time to come,  
His seed with deathless hatred chase :  
Be that your gift to Dido's tomb :  
No love, no league 'twixt race and race.  
Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,  
Born to pursue the Dardan horde  
To-day, to-morrow, through all time,  
Oft as our hands can wield the sword :  
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea.  
Fight all that are or e'er shall be.

The poet of ancient days and the painters of the present with great licence have pictured Carthage as rising at her Queen's command into a walled city with magnificent temples and palaces, and a double harbour excavated out of the land within the city. These, however, as a fact, only grew with the trade and acquired wealth of the city, and it took three or four hundred years before it assumed its full glory to become the envy of surrounding nations.

The unfortunate Queen Dido was far from this estate. Her hand was solicited in marriage by one of the indigenous kings, backed by such force as would make it into a command. The elders argued with her upon the necessity of conferring herself on him for the common weal, as in all estates one must sacrifice inclination for the advantage of the community; then, seeing no hope for herself or them, she built her own funeral pyre, and died consecrated to her murdered husband, voluntarily resigning her life to fire, that her spirit in purity and loyalty might embrace him in the world beyond the light.

In those days when Andromache, the fair Helen, and other women were handed about by their husbands to other men, and it was accepted as the natural order of things that woman should be subject to man, we find in Eliza, the Queen Dido of history, a spirit of bravery, a womanly resignation to the evils of misfortune by the endurance of those which cannot be avoided, and a self-

sacrifice in all things to her fellows except that of her honour, which she had dedicated to her murdered husband, and which was consecrated to him in her death. When she gave her natural body to the fire she gave it for her people, and thus appeased the suitor and possible enemy, creating for herself an undying crown of glory by her faithfulness to her troth even unto death.

It is a question for debate how far Publius Virgilius Maro had the right to besmirch the reputation of a dead lady, by making her the leman of a fabulous adventurer, when her whole life and her bitter death were examples of virtue, constancy, and nobility. He might have made her an instance of the highest moral rectitude, if the subject had been treated as I think it ought to have been, and such treatment would have conferred honour upon him instead of degradation. Poetry, above all things, should elevate the mind of "him who gives and him who takes," but to make it subservient to his Mæcenæ, and the Emperor of Rome, by soiling the robe of her purity in order to aggrandise a fabulous ancestor, and through him, them, is a moral debasement one cannot respect. I will quote Virgil's own words, as translated by Conington, upon "fame," to show that he himself was not ignorant of its blighting effect, he says—

How oft so e'er the truth it tell,  
Fame loves a falsehood all too well.  
So now from town to town it flew,  
With rumours mixed of false and true ;  
Tells of Æneas come to land,  
Whom Dido graces with her hand :  
Now, lost to shame, the enamoured pair  
The winter in soft dalliance wear,  
Nor turn their passion-blinded eyes  
On kingdoms rising or to rise.

So much for the hireling pen of a Roman poet and the great Queen of whom he wrote.

For three centuries the Carthaginians had devoted themselves entirely to commerce, and pursued the paths of peace and prosperity, accumulating enormous wealth and building a magnificent city. As Tyre waned, Carthage waxed great. She became the emporium between north and south, east and west; her caravans crossed the desert for gold and spices, and her fleets traded to the Baltic for amber, Britain for tin, and Spain for silver and other metals. Up to the fifth century before Christ, the Carthaginians were "a peace-at-any-price" nation. Then we read that during the reign of the two Hasdrubals, the ground rent due to the Indigenes was extinguished, their princes slaughtered, and the natives reduced to serfdom. They hired warriors from any country, conquered the whole of the Barbary coast, trained elephants for war, and in attempting to check the Greek colonising advance in Sicily they suffered their first damaging rebuff at Himera, which led to a revival of that Greco-Semitic hate which had previously been experienced at Troy and was now to fill the rivers of Trinacria with blood.

Stirring times were those when Agathocles burnt his ships and hurled himself in vain against triple-walled Carthage. The revolt of the mercenaries is well told by Flaubert in his story of "Salammbô," and although it has been said that he seems to have allowed his imagination to have run away with his discretion, there is no reason to impugn the general accuracy of his romance. The first Punic War, the second, and the third, with Cato's persistent cry of "*Delenda est Carthago*," wiped away the city, and nothing remains of it now but a tale that is told, except the name which still crowns the hill.

Let me give you a scene of those times to show

HOW CARTHAGE PAID ITS MERCENARIES.

Once upon a time, a few centuries before the Christian era, a Greek trading boat, perhaps from Sybaris, proceeding northward on a voyage to one of the islands of the Lipari, for a cargo of sulphur, saw several pennons streaming in the breeze on one of the desert islets which surround Stromboli, the active volcano of that region. The black and verdureless plain just lifted above the waves of the mournful ocean showed no signs of living beings, but an offensive odour of putrefaction tainted the gale. Believing this to be only a sulphurous emanation common to such a place they changed their course and ran on shore.

The movement of the boat, as it touched the strand, brought up to the surface of the still sea a leopard's skin, which, unfolded by the flow, disclosed the swollen features of a huge Ethiopian.

The beach was covered with dead bodies, most of them with faces buried in the black sand, and arms stretched above as if to shield their heads from the burning sun; others lay with their heads and arms in the water, their extremities only on dry land—soft putrescence and shrivelling decay were at work on the same body.

As they advanced inland carrion birds with a sullen croak rose heavily on the wing and alighted again a short distance away.

Sightless and disfigured corpses, with swollen bodies and tightly stretched parchment-like skins, covered the ground.

They were Greeks, Iberians, and Numidians, with Carthaginian military badges.

Like the volcano which ejects a lava current to eat up the green and living olive branch, or to swallow up and

bury ancient cities, so the youthful and aged warriors lay dead beneath the rays of a pitiless sun god, in the regions of Neptune.

Baal and Melkarth never had such a holocaust of victims in their honour, before or since. Six thousand warriors lay dead on that solitary island in the Æolian seas. Baal, the sun by day, and Vulcan, the flames of whose mighty furnace illumined the night, the gods of ancient Phœnicia and of Greece, hugged themselves with delight. It was the first spinning of a web of fate. They threw the shuttle across the ghastly intertwinings of pale death, the strands of which when unravelled show how the six thousand grew into hundreds of thousands, and how Carthage was swept away to become as naught; how her "gorgeous palaces and cloud capped towers" became like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving "not a wrack behind."

Wealth, pride, and arrogance were the engines set by the avengers to level mankind, as a green swarth before the scythe of justice.

Diodorus, the Greek Sicilian historian, tells us that these men were landed as if on duty, and deserted by their officers, for daring to demand overdue pay with threats; and that for long afterwards the name of that island was Osteodes, the place of bones.

From such instances as this one can imagine the state of degradation at which the Phœnician form of Semitic religion had arrived. A sentence of such appalling magnitude could only have been passed by the Suffetes, the heads of the state and of the church, and it would seem that its execution on an island where the god of fire had his traditional abode\* could only be intended as a sacrifice to the great god Moloch.

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\* Vulcano is one of the Lipari Islands. Vulcan was supposed to reside therein as a worker of brass.

For what were honour and justice, so long as they were righteous before their gods; truly it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for such a nation to enter the kingdom of heaven. It was easy for them to buy soldiers, but not with them that true valour which is principally begotten of right, patriotism, and hatred of injustice.

I commenced this paper by alluding to the interest an Englishman ought to attach to the study of a people so like themselves, who amassed great wealth by commerce, and this wealth was in comparatively few hands. "The bold peasantry, a country's pride," was almost entirely absent from their midst as it is becoming from ours. It is passing away to a new continent.

Patriotism, that ardent love of a fatherland which directs a man to "do and die," could never be said to have had much place in the hearts of the gilded youth who formed the "Sacred Legion" of Carthage. Their armour was inlaid with precious metals of the costliest and most artistic quality. They were exclusive in the election of comrades, and they lived a life of ease and luxury, dining on golden plate and carrying into camp all the luxuries of city life. Nothing could be expected from them. They lived to justify it, and died to be forgotten.

The state had a curious arrangement of what may be called Nihilism and Ostracism. If a man failed in what the people believed to be his duty to them, he was put to death and his family exiled. Failure in any object of a state character was not allowed to exist. Hence the only chance for a General, liable to defeat, was to make himself master of the army and become a tyrant. Fear of popular vengeance made leaders jealous of each other, and thus thwarted success in battle.

The Carthaginians seldom trusted a single leader. They had usually two suffetes or kings; one to prevent the other from obtaining supreme control. In the same way they had usually two generals of the army, one to prevent defection of the other, and each be answerable to the State. The great Hannibal, who crossed the Alps and maintained himself and his army, fighting in Italy, for thirteen years, only did so by escaping from the dictation of Carthaginian electivity. His prolonged war with Italy was not fought with Carthaginian troops, but by Iberians, Gauls, and Numidians.

The concluding scene of Carthaginian history occurred 146 B.C., when Scipio Africanus with his troops, after a long siege, entered the city and took the Cothon, or inner harbour, with the warships. He afterwards for six days and nights maintained a horrible struggle against fighters and non-fighters, who contested each street, and ejected missiles from their many-storeyed houses until he caused the dwellings to be set on fire, and he literally burnt out the heart of and the hearts in the city. When suppliants came to beg the lives of the survivors, he granted the request, excepting the deserters, who were assembled in the temple on the Byrsa citadel.

The Carthaginian General, Hasdrubal, escaped from them to Scipio, and begged for his life, which was granted to him. He, however was led before the high temple as a prisoner of war, to show the sheltering troops his defection and their hopelessness. Cursing him as a coward who had deserted them, the deserters set fire to their shelter; and the tale is told that Hasdrubal's wife, dressed in all the splendour she could command, with her two children, stood upon the roof, and, turning first to Scipio, said: "On thee, man of Rome, I call no vengeance from Heaven. Thou but dost use the right given. But as for this

Hasdrubal, this traitor to his country and his gods, I pray that thou, as the instrument of Heaven, may punish him." Then she turned to her husband, and said, "Villain, traitor, and coward! I and my children will find a tomb in the flames; but thou, the mighty general of Carthage, shalt adorn a Roman triumph." She then slew her children, cast their bodies in the flames, and followed them herself.\* Thus the first and last mistresses of Carthage were consumed by fire, and in all probability on the same spot. The fire gods of the Phœnicians were insatiate, but they are now happily satisfied, and their lust has been extinguished with the last fires of the Suttee, abolished in India during the present generation.

It may be obvious from this paper that Carthage fell by reason of the absence of patriotism from its people, and honour amidst its rulers. Distrust and envy, the canker of wealth, like a fell disease, corrupted the vitality of their estate, and Carthage became blotted out from the nations of the earth.

Carthage has been wrecked so often between contending forces that it is said in order to find its streets one must excavate some thirty feet underground. The Greeks, Romans, Vandals and Saracens have by turns made of it a prize, and now it is left to be a signal-station for the French, and a night-light for its navy, a sanatorium for the elect of Tunis, and a warning to modern statesmen.

One asks himself, "What went ye out for to see?" A reed shaken by the wind? a city cast down by heaven? Yes! here it was, planted between the green sea and the placid lake. It grew and spread its branches over all

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\* "Story of the Nations: Carthage."



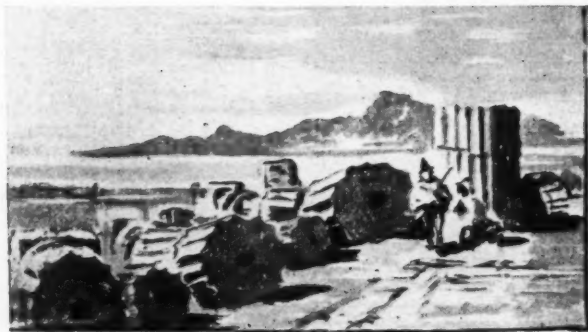
nations, so that every people rested therein. In it were bought and sold all things beautiful and desirable to the eye and the heart. It supplicated the Giver of life and light and heat for a continuance of His favours, and this city grew in wealth and beauty and power; it grew as ne'er a city e'er before had grown, and ships from every sea, caravans from every clime, sheltered under it; it grew proud, arrogant, and quarrelsome, and became a deadly Upas, whereunder were sacrificed the offspring of their loins and the firstlings of their flocks. Its priests cut themselves with knives and burnt holocausts for propitiation of Baal, Melkarth, and Astarte.

The God of natural law, whom it thus ignorantly worshipped, suspended not His judgment, but gave retribution for this violation of His statutes. Fire and sword were let loose upon it. It was burnt down, and rooted out, so that the place knows it no more; and an ignorant stranger walking along its shore might ask, "What is this dreary waste?" and one might answer, pointing to the headland overlooking the sea, "This is the Cape of Carthage."

Memory might remind him of a picture he had seen, or a poem he had read, or something he had heard of a beautiful Queen, who was persecuted of the gods, and deserted by her betrayer, a sort of Faust and Marguerite affair, which he could not clearly understand or remember. It was so long ago. Should such an one read these lines, the writer's hope is that he will think more kindly of the great lady who founded in chastity and honour this once noble city, and with the devotion of her life secured its existence. It lasted for seven hundred years. The first half of these were passed in continuous peace, and the second in ruthless war, the dogs of which, like those of Actæon, turned upon and rent it.

As was written of the fall of Tyre, so it may be said of Carthage:—

They shall make a spoil of thy riches, and make a prey of thy merchandise : and they shall break down thy walls, and destroy thy pleasant houses : and they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust in the midst of the waters. And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease ; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard. And I will make thee a bare rock : thou shalt be a place for the spreading of nets ; thou shalt be built no more : for I the Lord have spoken it.—Ezekiel xxvi., 12.





## TRUTH IN CRITICISM.

BY J. B. OLDHAM, B.A.

[*Certain it is, that words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily intangle and pervert the judgment, so as it is almost necessary in all controversies and disputations, to imitate the wisdom of the mathematicians, in setting down in the very beginning the definitions of our very words and terms, that others may know how we accept and understand them, and whether they concur with us or no.*—FRANCIS BACON, "Advancement of Learning," Book II.]

IN a volume of essays which, I am sorry to say, are very much less read nowadays than they deserve to be, there occurs the following precept: "Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider." These wise words of the Wizard of Verulam are a beacon of warning to all essayists and indeed to writers in general as well as to the class of students and readers to whom they were particularly addressed. But especially are they valuable as a condensed rule of conduct for those who undertake to discharge the delicate and difficult task of critic.

For it is one of the most delicate and difficult tasks any man can undertake, this task of holding the balance

between right and wrong upon topics of an inexact and contentious character, whether in law or letters, art or science, religion or politics, and in fact in anything relating to life, whether historical or contemporaneous. You see, in mathematics, in experimental science, in practical politics, and in any branch of knowledge in which the conclusions arrived at become facts of an exact and permanent character, it is more or less easy, according to the nature of the inherent difficulties of the subject, and proportionately to those difficulties, to prove the truth or otherwise of the solution of a problem, of the result of an experiment, of the effect of some particular piece of legislation, or of such questions as that of the average rate of wages. In such cases you have only to examine each step of the solution, and test it mathematically, in order to discover whether that solution is correct or not; or to repeat your experiment a sufficient number of times in order to see whether or not it will practically always yield the same result; or to be careful in your methods of compiling and interpreting your statistics in order to find out whether the effect of legislation be what you say it is or not, or whether the average rate of wages be a certain sum or some different amount. You have only, I say, to see that your researches be carried out in logical and exact mathematical sequence, and that they are complete enough, in such subjects, to be absolutely and incontrovertibly positive of the exact truth of your results.

But in judging of the truth or falsehood of any literary or artistic or religious or political dogma, opinion, or idea; in examining into the correctness of any scientific generalisation, or of the assertion of any historical fact; or in comparing and determining the merit or worthlessness of

any literary, scientific, or artistic production; the degree of exactness at which you can arrive is often itself a question which is endlessly arguable.

Accordingly Francis Bacon's advice to students and readers in general—never to let prejudice or a love of opposition overcome judgment; and to be neither too credulous nor too frivolous in their reading, or in the purposes for which they read; but always to maintain a deliberate and judicial openness of mind—is peculiarly appropriate for him who ventures to be a critic. In fact, the whole essay "On Studies," from which the valuable precept with which I begin is taken, is teeming with fruitful suggestions, not only for the reader, but for the critic also. In one aspect, indeed, the critic is but the reader's deputy, often self-appointed and frequently unqualified, and a rule which it is necessary for the readers to observe is of double and treble importance to the critics.

Bearing all this in mind, and because in treating of truth in criticism one is of necessity and essentially a critic, I shall endeavour to conduct myself in what I have to say upon this subject always with this precept in view. What I have to say shall be said, not with the purpose of raising contention by contradicting or confuting any of your received ideas, nor to induce you to accept any wild and unproved statements, nor in the mere vanity of the literary effort, but because I believe that I shall be able to advance certain ideas on the subject of which I am about to treat, which are well worth exposition and consideration.

More especially do I think them worth considering in times like these we are living in. For I hold that deep under the surface of the current of life vast changes are quietly but steadily taking place in the ideas, and the

ideals also, of people, which at any moment may have very visible effects upon the surface of the stream in consequence of the dislocations in the undercurrents of society, which such changes certainly signify in the near future. In such times it is necessary, above all things else, that our standard of criticism should be of the greatest possible excellence. Itself the measure of truth in things, we ought to be very sure that no falsehood is allowed to enter into its methods of working or the motives which impel it.

In the first place, then, what do we mean by criticism? What is criticism?

If you turn to the word in the dictionary you find that it is there defined as "The art of judging, especially in literature and the fine arts." But criticism has a much wider signification than this. We know that it is a word of Greek origin, and if we turn to our Greek dictionary we find that it is derived from the verb κρίνω, which is exactly the same as the Latin verb *cerno*, from which we obtain our English words discern, concern, certain, discernment, discreet, secret, and secretary, and many other words. From another Latin word derived from the same root—*certo*, "I strive"—we also get the English word concert; and from still another Latin word from the same root—the word *crimen*—we get all the English words crime, incriminate, discriminate, and so on.

By the mere cataloguing of these English words from the same root, we obtain a very good idea of the meanings of the word κρίνω. It means, in the first place, "to separate, divide, put apart" (compare *secrete*), and hence "to pick out, to choose" (compare *discern*, *discriminate*). Thus it comes to mean "to decide," as, for instance, in a contest or a dispute for a prize (compare *concert*, there being a certain conception of *striving* connoted by this meaning). From this it gets the meaning "to judge of, to estimate,"

and hence, "to expound, to explain" (to make *certain*, in fact). Its last series of meanings is "to question, to examine, to accuse, to arraign" (compare *incriminate*), and hence we get it meaning to "pass sentence upon, to condemn" (compare *crime*).

From this word, κρίνω, we get the Greek words, κρίμα, κρίσις and κριτής—κρίμα meaning "a judgment, a sentence," and also "an accusation" (compare our words, *crime* and *criminal*), κρίσις meaning "a separation, putting apart, and hence a choosing, a deciding, a judgment, a sentence, a trial, a dispute, a quarrel," and also "the event, the issue, the decision;" and, lastly, the word κριτής, meaning, originally, "a judge, an arbiter," as at Athens, the judge of the poetical contests, and then meaning "an expounder" or "interpreter," as of dreams, for instance.

From κριτής we get the Greek words, κριτήριον, meaning "a standard, a test, a court of judgment, a tribunal," and κριτικός, an adjective meaning "able to discern and decide, critical;" and from this word we get our English words *critic*, *criticism*, and *critical*, at once.

Thus you see by what steps we have obtained our English word *criticism* from the Greek verb κρίνω, and also the meaning which has accompanied the derivation.

According to its derivation, in fact, criticism signifies the result of the exercise of his faculty of discernment and exposition by one able to pick out the good from the bad in things, the true from the false, and able also to understand and interpret the true meaning of difficult, or unaccustomed, or novel facts and ideas. Originally, therefore, criticism has a simple meaning, though this simple meaning, paradoxical as words often are, is dual, in fact. For it consists both of discernment and exposition, neither by itself, but both conjointly.

In modern times, however, we have added yet another

meaning to the word. It is, indeed, the confusion of these two meanings—of the original meaning as obtained by following the derivation of the word, with the meaning which has been, as it were, read into the word even by literary men themselves—which causes all the difficulty and uncertainty about the true meaning of the word so prevalent amongst unprofessional or lay readers.

Incidentally, I may say, that readers can be loosely divided into those who read without any definite object in view other than that of passing a pleasant hour or two, and those who read, not with the object of being pleased only, but for the sake of acquiring knowledge and becoming acquainted with other people's ideas. The former class includes, no doubt, many who are possibly quite qualified by their intelligence and education to pass a more or less critical judgment upon what they are reading. But it also includes a vast number of readers who take up a book without either capacity or qualification, and often, indeed, without any intention, to criticise what they read. It is these latter whom I designate unprofessional or lay readers, though it is true that among the other classes of readers also there are very many whose conception of the meaning of the word criticism is very vague and undefined.

After this digression, to return to the point at which I digressed, I say that there is a second meaning, practically unconnected with the derived meaning, which has been read into the word criticism even by literary men themselves. I can only define this meaning by a circumlocution. It is, in a way, a much more abstract conception than the original meaning. It has something of the nature of the word exposition in it, which, as I have shown, is a meaning included in the derived meaning of the word criticism. But it is not exposition. According to this intruded meaning, as we may term it, criticism almost becomes



equivalent to narrative. But it is not narrative. It is really a description of the impression which a critic carries away from the ideas which he has been contemplating, or the work which he has been professedly studying, or the performance of which he has been a witness. It may thus be something totally distinct from a critical judgment, though it may also go with such a judgment. The notice of a book, such as one sees any day in the newspapers, or the report of a concert or entertainment, is really a criticism of this amorphous kind. They are simply rough and ready narrations of the reviewer's or reporter's own likes and dislikes, taken after the manner of an instantaneous photograph.

Criticism of this kind may, however, occasionally be of a much higher order than mere notices of books, or newspaper reports of concerts and entertainments. The expression of a writer's mere impression, without any attempt at judicial criticism, may often be very entertaining and instructive reading. Some of the best essays are little else. Such, for instance, are Alexander Smith's essays in "Dreamthorpe," and no one can deny the value, from a literary point of view, of such work. But after all, it is not the highest kind of criticism, and is apt to be somewhat inconclusive, and perhaps also a little enervating. There is always a want of body in it, and consequently it is never very satisfying.

The word criticism, then, has two meanings: the primary or derived meaning of a judgment (or discernment) and its exposition, and the secondary or intruded meaning of the expression of an impression in the critic's mind, distinct altogether from a judgment of the object he is contemplating, but aroused in his mind by his contemplation of that object. According to this intruded meaning the critic is, in fact, an impressionist rather than a thinker.

Having thus decided upon the limits which we give to the meaning of the word criticism, we have next to discuss its character—that is, its function, and its form, or the manner in which it performs its function. We will consider the form first.

Now, the first essential of criticism is expression. It is an expression of something or other. Whether you take its primary or its secondary meaning, it signifies the expressing of something. It may be the expression of a critic's discernment of the good and true and beautiful in all things, or of his interpretation of the meaning of difficult or unaccustomed or novel facts and ideas. Or it may be simply the expression of his impression of certain ideas, of a certain work, of a certain performance. But whatever else it may be, it is truly an expression of something. It cannot remain an inarticulate mental process never distinctly formulated in speech or written words. That can only be one half of criticism. A judgment may remain unexpressed. An impression may never become more than an impression. But for judgment to become criticism, exposition is required, and for an impression to become criticism, according to the secondary meaning of the word, at the least expression is needed.

From this, and from what I have said previously about the word criticism, it will easily be gathered that I consider criticism must always be more or less literary in character to be of any value, whether it be actually expressed in writing or merely verbal. And like all other literary productions it is subject to the laws which direct that, to be intelligible and effective, a composition shall be clearly, logically, and with due order expressed. The terms of which a critic makes use must be employed in their generally accepted meaning, with due regard, of course, to the scientific permanency of meaning as opposed to a

fashionable transience of meaning. On no account must words be strained from their proper meaning, or given an arbitrary significance to suit the purposes of the critics. If done unintentionally such a straining can only result in misunderstandings. If done intentionally it is an unmitigated villainous falsehood. Further, the conclusions at which a critic arrives must be built up in proper logical sequence from sufficient and sufficiently defined premises. These premises must have all doubts and indistinctnesses removed from them before he commences to erect his superstructure upon them as a foundation, otherwise the erection will be unstable, and consequently false. The ideas, too, with which he begins must be definitely stated, and must not be themselves of a controversial character, unless it be explicitly shown on which side of the controversy the critic wishes to be placed, so that there may be no confusion *ab initio* on this ground. And finally, the various steps of his argument must be put in their proper order so that a consequent shall not be found preceding an antecedent, and the reader not have to be taken back upon the subject in order to prove something necessary to a step which he has already passed, or which is next in orderly sequence. The neglect of these simple rules of literary composition can only tend to confusion and ineffectuality.

As to the function of criticism, it is threefold according as we take the various shades of meaning which have been given to the word by following the derivation. As for the secondary meaning of the word, criticism can hardly be said to be performing any function at all when it is merely expressive of an impression. It may please, but the giving of pleasure pure and simple is scarcely to be termed a function of criticism. That is the difference between criticism and a mere essay. The proper functions of criticism are those of the interpreter,

the digester, and the appraiser of ideas. When performing these functions it may be divided into expository, instructive, and judicial criticism.

We can also regard criticism from the subjective or the objective points of view. For a critic may, as I have already shown, be attempting merely to give his impression of an idea or object, trying to give expression to his own emotions, in fact, or he may be consciously endeavouring to influence other people's ideas. But neither of these aspects of criticism are other than incidentally relevant to the aim of this essay, and to treat of them would only tend to lengthen it immoderately and to no beneficial purpose. It answers all purposes to consider here the threefold function of the critic as the expounder of ideas, the purveyor of ideas, and the arbiter of ideas.

As the expounder of ideas, the critic is truly, as I have called him previously, the reader's deputy. It is his duty and privilege to assist the uneducated, the unaccomplished, and the preoccupied readers to a better understanding of that which they wish to know. For some readers have by the circumstances of their lives been denied the opportunity of becoming acquainted with those elementary ideas, whether in history, philosophy, art, letters, science, or other branches of knowledge, which are the most ordinary possession of the more highly educated. Other readers, again, may be well read in one subject, whilst in others they need the guidance and direction of some one possessing the knowledge thereof which they themselves lack. And lastly, there are others who are too much engrossed in the occupations of business and affairs to be able of themselves to devote the necessary time to keeping themselves posted in the topics about which the world is thinking. Thus one part, and no inconsiderable part, of a critic's province is to act as guide to readers less well-read

than himself into the meaning of what they may be reading. He has to interpret to them what is difficult or uncommon or hidden.

But his province is much wider than this of exposition. It is also his business to act as the purveyor of ideas, not only for the readers of less attainments than himself, but for all sorts and conditions of men besides; for artists, politicians, workers, students, and thinkers of every kind and degree. He is, above all things else, the dealer in ideas, and it is his paramount duty to extend the influence of ideas. For criticism is the digestive process by which new ideas are conveyed to every member of the social organism. It is the solvent by which abstruse notions become easy of general assimilation, and which helps to the production of a pulsating current of thought, changing mere brutal existence into human life. Were it not for criticism the most ordinary ideas would only percolate very slowly to the general mass of the people. Moreover, books are so many, ideas so quickly springing on all sides of us, that it is quite impossible for any one man to keep himself thoroughly acquainted with the one, or in closest touch with the other, except by the help of the critic. Some ideas, therefore, must be retailed to the reader by the critic. Some books must be read by deputy, though it is necessary that this be done with caution. "Else," as Bacon says, "distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things."

Criticism is thus not only expository, it has also a digestive function to perform. But there is still a higher duty laid upon the critic. He has also to weigh and consider the worth of such knowledge as already exists and of such new ideas as are being propounded. He has to examine the conclusions at which a writer arrives, and to declare whether such conclusions are justifiable, or incomplete,

or based upon insecure foundations, or altogether wrong. He has, in short, to arbitrate between the true and the false.

In the exercise of this judicial function all departments of thought and action, motives, impulses, purposes, and causes generally, as well as results, come under his survey. He has to decide upon the value both of the means employed and of the attainment reached. His, therefore, is an extremely important and onerous duty, and the task he undertakes ought not to be entered upon except honestly and with the fullest qualifications of heart, brain, and knowledge. But when once entered upon, nothing ought to be set down in malice, or withheld from fear or favour. Truth, in fact, is the vital element in all criticism, and no critic is worthy of the name who from motives of self-aggrandisement, or for the purpose of acquiring the countenance of any one, or of pandering to the public taste, writes in a strain which he knows to be false, or ventures to criticise what he knows he is not qualified to judge. Especially ought not a critic to pose as such when he is merely making an epitome of what other men have written, for the sake of helping idlers to acquire a semblance of an acquaintance with the knowledge of which they have really not any. "Such collections are much like a fripper's or broker's shop, that hath ends of everything, and nothing of worth."

The office of critic, then, is threefold. He has to explain difficulties, he has to propagate new ideas, and he has to say what are valuable among ideas, and what are valueless. His task is accordingly by no means an easy one to perform. No other kind of work is so full of those elements out of which spring discord and unfriendliness. Nor is there any other work in which the careless workman is more apt to fall into error, or in which any flaws there

may be in the work can more persistently remain hidden until it is almost fatal to the work to attempt to remove them. Nor is there any other department of labour in which an error once admitted, that error is thenceforward so subtly liable to be indefinitely multiplied. Consequently, more than all other workmen, the critic ought to strive to be absolutely correct in all his workmanship. Moreover, in these days of stress and storm, of the perpetual clashing of powerful interests and obstinate prejudices, the critic has especially to beware lest he let some tincture of prejudice, or some fear of disadvantage to himself, vitiate his judgment and render all that he says worthless for good, if not actually productive of evil. The aim, the sole aim, of the critic should be to reach, teach, and preach the truth at all hazards, else he should not undertake the office of critic. "Light, light, though thou slay us in the light!" should always be his cry. Anything, besides, which is not the truth will not endure, and will not be endured. A falsehood in criticism, or a false mood in criticism, any mood except that of utter impartiality, will only discredit the critic when it is discovered, and so keen is the search for truth to-day that a falsehood must be detected eventually.

Thought has, in fact, entered upon a fresh period of youth at this latter end of the nineteenth century, and with the young nothing but first principles will suffice. Now truth is the first of first principles, and with the world so wide awake in its search for truth it is useless to attempt permanently to blind its eyes with a falsehood.

This argument was vehemently urged, thirty years ago, by a writer whose recent death we must all deplore. In his "Essay on the Interpretation of Scripture," the late Master of Balliol said that "the thoughts of all able and highly educated young men almost always stray towards

the first principles of things," and the rest of his essay was an exposition of the futility of attempting to withhold any portion of knowledge or belief from the effect of this tendency. This truth, so ably enunciated by Professor Jowett, is even more applicable to the young men of to-day than it was to those of thirty years ago. In those days the method of scientific criticism was in its youth, and much that would now be considered callow and immature was then thought to be very trenchant and convincing. But we have changed all that. Nowadays it is not merely the thoughts of able and highly educated young men which stray to the first principles. The minds of all men alike are being disturbed by questions as to the reasons for the existence of things as they are. It is no longer sufficient to answer such questions by appealing to the express or implied authority of some great thinker, some traditional opinion, or some ancient creed. In theory, at least, the argument which rests upon mere authority will no longer be listened to. The argument alone is powerful which rests upon some ascertained truth. This spirit tends, of course, to make the critic a more and more powerful unit in society, but it also lays upon him a much severer duty to deal only with the truth in his criticism.

It is, in fact, the test of truth in criticism to ascertain whether the critic enters upon his judicial function with or without animus. If a critic, in whatever branch of knowledge, is found to be capable of accepting gratefully and gracefully the proof of an error in his criticism, or of taking a nasty underhand blow without flinching, or of bearing vituperation and malicious venomous remarks from his opponents without losing his temper, that critic may certainly be relied upon to be working only for the truth, and not simply for victory. There could not be a better example of what to avoid in criticism than nine-tenths of



the so-called criticism which has been written in the perennial and disastrous struggle between the advocates of religion on the one side and the exponents of scientific research on the other. If only the religionists would exhibit one-half of the spirit of patience and forbearance they are so perpetually exhorting others to sedulously cultivate, and if only the scientists would rest content with the knowledge of the absolute truth underlying the ancient saying which asserts that truth is great and shall prevail, it would be very much more satisfactory to both parties in the struggle eventually, and much more comfortable all round. Unfortunately, while there is no body of critics who are more continually protesting their disinterestedness and their desire simply to promote the truth than those who base their criticisms upon some religious creed or some ascertained scientific fact, there is, taking them altogether, no body of critics who are more ready to fly at each other's throats on the slightest provocation. Do such professors of religion not give a splendid example of the power of the creeds they advocate to soften and civilise the crude bloodthirstiness of the natural man? And, on the other hand, does not the savageness of the average scientific critic beautifully exemplify the truth of the maxim which tells us that *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*? After all, what is the use of all the contentiousness of religious and scientific critics? If a creed be based upon a falsehood all the fighting in the world by its professors will not make that creed the truth. Nor if a creed be true, or only part of it true, all the vehement assaults of the scientific iconoclast cannot destroy even a modicum of that truth. To quote Zorobabel's words in the darkest hour of his country's history—"as for truth, it endureth and is always strong, it liveth and conquereth for evermore."

There is another aspect in which the position of the critic appears in the light of the sceptical questioning spirit of the day, a spirit which he has done so much to evoke, and which so often threatens to become his master. One result of this inquiring spirit has undoubtedly been to better the conditions of existence in all directions. But it has just as undoubtedly led, on the other hand, to a concentration of life, of hopes, and of ideals into the present, that is, to the ignoring of those bonds which bind the men of to-day with those of past and future generations. There is, indeed, a very general tendency to discount the value of the ideas of things entertained by the men of the past, because they had not the scientific insight into the laws of the Universe and of Life, of which we are so proud to be the possessors. The result of this tendency has been, curiously enough, that in spite of the more extensive permeation of education through the general mass of the people, the influence of the literature of the past is diminishing in power over the lives of those who are educated. The great writers whose works pleased the cultured of a past age, in increasing dust-covered heaps, are being relegated to the limbo of forgotten or unread books, except in the libraries of professional writers or the enthusiastic amateurs amongst literary men. However much we may deplore this fact, we cannot help acknowledging that it is so. The readers are many, but the chosen readers are few. The rest have no liking, perhaps no capacity, for studying the great master minds of the past. If they read at all they must have everything up to date.

The consequence is, that for good or for evil, the periodical publication—daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly, as the case may be—is growing more and more into favour, power, and popularity. This means that the power

of the critic is growing in the same ratio. For the periodical is the chosen and peculiar vehicle by which the critic reaches the public, and he has in one way or another almost appropriated it to himself. Furthermore, this appetite for periodical literature seems to increase every day, following the common law of Nature of growing by what it feeds upon, so that the periodical apparently threatens eventually to oust every other kind of literature from the field.

Thus, while the present is a grand period for the critics, it is also a critical period for them. It affords them a splendid opportunity, and it brings them to their severest trial. For the greater the spread of periodical literature, and the greater the influence of the critic in consequence, the greater is the necessity that he should criticise himself first before he undertakes to criticise anything else, lest he should become the instrument, even though the involuntary instrument, in spreading any ideas but those of the truth.

Let me reiterate this portion of my argument. We are living, I say, in an age of great scepticism. Men are continually putting the question to themselves or to others—"Why is this so?" They want to get to the root of everything. They are not satisfied by having the conclusions only placed before them. They wish to test for themselves the various steps in the process of reasoning by which each conclusion has been arrived at. This, as I have said in substance before, is very much the result of the militant spirit of scientific criticism which has been born out of the long conflict between science and religion. This spirit is often, unfortunately, lacking in suavity and urbanity, and it not seldom happens that, when scientific criticism begins to interest itself about a doctrine or a long-cherished idea, all possibility of

harmoniously discussing this doctrine or idea is hopelessly out of the question. This is certainly not a very pleasant outcome of what I call the militant spirit of scientific criticism.

Mind, I am not arguing that this spirit is altogether a bad one. Far from it! If a critic, pursuing scientific methods, comes across a falsehood, or what he earnestly believes to be a falsehood, by all means let him go for that falsehood with all the grit that is in him. Let him smite and spare not. Only let him have very definitely convinced himself that he does thus earnestly believe the doctrine or idea he is assailing to be false, and let him above all things assail the doctrine or the idea itself alone, and not those who may have the misfortune to believe in that doctrine or that idea. Let him be as vehement as he pleases, within the limits of decency and good breeding, but let him be tender and agreeable to those who are opposing him. Let him always remember that half the battle is won if only he can keep his opponents in a good humour. Certainly I should never thinking of denying that this militant spirit has been productive of very much good in many ways. We owe much of the advancement of civilisation in this century to it, and it has swept away many intolerable superstitions. Were it not, indeed, for its occasional truculence and its frequent and arrogant assumption of superiority to all other methods of criticism, and almost of infallibility, there would be but little, if anything, to be said against it. Such as it is, however, I suppose this militant spirit has to be endured, and perhaps, as I have shown, it is not altogether unnatural. Only, what with the indignant wrath of the man the foundations of whose religion have been assailed, coupled with the acrimony of the bigoted theologian, on the one side, and on the other the often

undisguised scorn of the agnostic critic together with the blasphemy of the professed atheist, there has been engendered a feeling of bitterness upon all questions of a religious or quasi-religious character which certainly does not indicate a very healthy tone on either side, and redounds to the credit of no one, certainly not to that of either theologian or critic.

The result of all this has been an increase of a real, almost a brutal, materialism in the common life of the people, who are becoming less and less submissive to, or capable of being influenced by, religious ideals, and for whom the ideals of the scientist are too intellectual and removed from the ordinary life of to-day, too cold and bloodless, in fact, so that they are left helmless, as it were. The divergence from the old faiths has, indeed, I believe, become more extensive than would be readily acknowledged by the professors of religion, and I see one evidence of it in the greater anxiety men exhibit to get every possible advantage out of their everyday existence, at all hazards, and it matters not at whose expense. Life has become a wild and almost brutally-ferocious struggle to get, not merely the necessities of life, but all possible superfluities in addition. Side by side with the tendency to question all things, there is a greater hankering for the enjoyment of every possible luxury than there ever was before.

The young men and the old men, too, of to-day often experience great searchings of heart, it is true, with regard to the first principles of things. But they are first principles with a monetary value attached. The first principles which are most sought for now are detached and contemporaneous, and have little or no connection with the lives of past or future generations. We can imagine the average man of to-day saying of the men of the past,

with a brutal laugh and a jeer—"These are dead and done with, and it is the merest vanity of labour to go disturbing dead men's bones." Of the men of the future, of posterity, he would say—"What!—work for the happiness of future generations? Not much! What have they done for me? I, for one, do not believe in your humanitarian religions. Let the next generation look after itself, and solve its own problems." There is a callous, selfish absorption in their own affairs on the part of most men to-day, which does not augur well for the future of the race. Much, very much, of the philanthropy of to-day has, indeed, a subjective rather than an objective motive.

I do not mean by what I have said above that there is an utter indifference to everything connected with the manner of the lives of past generations. On the contrary, there is a very intense desire to know how they lived, and what they did with their lives. But it is, so to speak, a material and self-centred curiosity. It has its origin chiefly in the effort on the part of the men of to-day to make their own lives more materially comfortable. In what way, it is said, did these past generations make themselves comfortable amid their surroundings? How did they solve the problems which beset us all, and how can we best follow their example, if it is worth following? You see the difference? Moreover, this curiosity is easily satisfied by a newspaper paragraph or a magazine article. At its best it is not very deep, and seldom rises to the height of desiring to know for the mere knowing's sake, or for the purpose of understanding the ideals of past generations.

The materialism thus exhibited is entering into every department of life and thought. We are, in fact, working in a sort of circle. First there is the intolerance of all new knowledge exhibited by the theologians and professors of religion of the past, and very often of the

present also. This has led to a conflict between the advocates of this new knowledge and the bigoted defenders of ecclesiastical doctrine. As it were by way of retaliation, this conflict has produced a spirit of militancy in scientific criticism, a spirit in whose eyes nothing is assured unless it satisfy the standards of a very definite, rigid, and limited scientific method, and in whose theory of the universe there is hardly room for anything transcending the possibilities of the human intellect. Carrying the warfare into the very innermost sanctuary of the enemy's stronghold, this spirit has been able to prove the unsatisfactory character of much that was once considered sacred and inviolable. This has produced a certain amount of doubt as to the truth of all the rest, and the consequence is a growing scepticism with regard to all things, an incredulousness of all truth generally. But constituted as the human being is, he cannot endure this state of universal uncertainty. He needs a certain amount of fixity somewhere in the mental atmosphere about him, something which he can use as a good point of origin. Otherwise he must go mad. Thus the scepticism, which begins by doubting all knowledge, ends by desiring to know all things. It becomes an eager curiosity about every phase of knowledge. It will not accept anything on authority at first, and yet ends by being compelled to take almost everything on authority, because the universe of possible knowledge is too vast for any one brain, and they who want to know all things have to accept their information at second hand from the specialists in the various branches of knowledge. These eager curious enquirers have not the requisite time to devote to a complete study of any one subject, and are beginning to be scared at the sight of anything which looks so solid as a book.



Our specialists, our students of the past, for instance, have found this out, and are now becoming accustomed to speak of their discoveries in a few short articles, each complete in itself. Of course, the consequence is that we get our knowledge doled out to us in detached fragments, and it frequently requires a much more than ordinarily orderly mind to be able to arrange these fragments. For in a magazine article much has to be omitted for want of space, which is necessary to the proper elucidation of the subject. Much is barely stated which often requires for its intelligent comprehension amplification in another article. And what is left has to be put forward in the the most fascinating and least troublesome guise with which in the wardrobe of his mind the writer can adorn it. The result is in a general sense that the reader's mind becomes filled with a number of undigested, dissimilar fragments of knowledge, useless and burdensome.

This is a strange and altogether unexpected effect of the militant spirit of scientific criticism. But the causes tending to produce it are not difficult to recognise. It is not hard to trace the paths by which the intense desire to know, which is so distinct a feature of the Nineteenth Century, has degenerated into this ostrich-like gluttonous grabbing at everything bearing the semblance of novelty in the way of knowledge. It is not my present purpose, however, to attempt to trace these paths. It is sufficient to say that the scientists of the past half century, or more, have been a little too presumptuous in their assertions, or, at any rate, their conception, of the value of the tools which their experiments and their discoveries have placed in their hands. Our knowledge of the nature and absolute facts of the Universe has grown marvellously more definite and reliable during the eighteen hundred and odd years which have elapsed since the happening, or



the reputed happening, of the event on Calvary. But science is still very far from having reached the final barriers beyond which there is nothing yet to be learned. It has still to be proved that we can unlock the secret of the Universe with the key of a chemical formula. We are still unable to discern even in the vaguest, dimmest fashion the end of life as the outcome of a series of biological discoveries.

The truth is "the first and worst of all frauds is to cheat oneself," and the phrase which has been applied by the scientist to the theologian is equally applicable to the scientist himself. He, as well as the theologian, knows nothing, and can know nothing except by the evidence of his senses, and to assume that it is possible for humanity eventually to attain to an adequate, or even a satisfactory, conception of the Universe, is to assume that there is no kind of fact beyond the reach of the five human senses in some way or other, that there are no other possible ways of perceiving things than by means of senses similar to our five weak, crippled, half-developed, easily injured organs. Put in this way, I doubt if any one will be hardy enough to deny that the position is untenable which the agnostics assume when they professedly hesitate to accept any particular religious doctrine because it teaches the existence of things which cannot be proved by definite scientific methods. As a matter of fact, there are many things which cannot be satisfactorily explained if we persist in referring them only to the five human senses as co-ordinates. The knowledge of the Infinite, for example; the knowledge of the existence, indeed, of the Infinite—a much simpler matter—is a limit which the human intellect, *quâ* human intellect, can never hope actually to attain, although it may possibly be able to approach indefinitely nearer and nearer to it, as mathematicians say, in the limit. But this latter is very many æons off yet.

There are still vast realms beyond the bounds of our knowledge which science has never yet touched, never even so much as dreamed of, and these will only be traversed by future generations of discoverers, who have entered upon this voyage of research in a spirit of self-restraint. To assert that we know more than a very little about the facts which condition our existence, whether the assertion be made by priest or scientist, is to over-estimate both the extent and the value of our knowledge, and such a misconception is always a source of weakness. The mystery of life is as much a mystery as ever it was, in spite of our discoveries in this nineteenth century, and is likely to remain so for some time to come.

Nevertheless, of so much importance to each one of us is the question of the immortality of the soul ; in spite of all our cynicism and apparent indifference, it touches every individual of us so closely ; and so grand and brilliant, without a doubt, have been some of the more recent discoveries ; that very many, urged by the deep sense of the one, and charmed by the vistas of possibility which seemed to be opened out by the other, have almost been led to believe that the outer barrier was about to be immediately surmounted and the truth declared at last. In consequence, there has been on the part of these an eager rush to know what has been learnt up to date, and this eagerness has been to a great extent communicated from them to others who were themselves really perfectly indifferent to the state of knowledge, and were only influenced by the fashion of the hour. It is these amateur, drawing-room scientists, it must be confessed, who have been the worst and most frequent sinners in bringing the elements of untruth and discord into the struggle between new theories and old creeds. But the scientific specialist and the scientific critic on the one side, and the

bigoted disciple and the narrow-minded theologian on the other side, must not be exonerated from their share of the blame.

The truth is, the mistake has been made of holding far too cheaply the conditions of the inquiry into the forces out of which existence springs in the first place, and which mould and modify its whole current thereafter.

To expect a distinct, comprehensive view of the whole subject, clear of difficulties and objections, is to forget our nature and conditions; neither of which admit of such knowledge with respect to any subject whatever. And to inquire with this expectation is not to inquire as a man, but as one of another order of creatures.

These words of grand old Bishop Butler, taken from his sermon upon "The Ignorance of Man," are still true of the possible attainment of the human intellect. The time has not yet come—how can such a thing happen in finite time?—when the Finite can grasp the Infinite. In the words of Euclid's axiom, the whole is still greater than its part.

Thus the militant character of the scientific criticism of the past half-century has been a grave error, and if it should be proved that any of its conclusions are based upon a misconception of the facts with which all science has to begin, based upon a gigantic false premise, in fact, then the consequences to scientific research itself will be disagreeable, if not permanently, at least for some considerable time. The grand rule in all criticism of a destructive character is that the critic should always be severely self-restrained, and in criticism of a constructive character that he should always be humble and diffident, not weak at all, but rather that than arrogant. Truth is, whatever may be said to the contrary, superior to all fictions, as Ernest Renan would say, and the superior force will always be successful in the end. Why struggle so

madly, either for or against the truth, therefore? If you should chance to be on the side of truth your madness will add no more to the final victory of truth than the weight of a fly on a huge cog-wheel to its momentum, and if you should be against the truth, you will only be crushed at the end like that fly when the teeth of the two cog-wheels meet. For a critic to strain the significance of the facts at his disposal beyond the just limits of exact truth is always futile effort, and can only result in his discomfiture. Whether a critic be a scientific specialist, or merely a literary examiner into the present condition of knowledge, on both alike the duty lies to seek only for the truth, and to state only what he knows to be the truth.

In the last place, we are at the present day living at extremely high pressure. Every nerve is strung to the utmost, and the slightest relaxation of the tension is apt to be followed by the intensest depression unless some occupation be found to supply the place of the momentarily abandoned pursuits of our busier hours. This occupation must, in the majority of cases, be easy, and not need any close application of mental or physical forces to extract its pleasure therefrom. Tired nature will not endure that our recreative pursuits shall equal in intensity the pursuits which have already wearied us. It is only the strongest and most highly endowed individuals who can tolerate anything requiring hard strenuous physical exertion or severe mental application in their recreations, and even they require a total change. The rest need triviality and frivolity with their recreation to a great extent. If they read they want something which shall not only excite their already over-excited nerves, but shall do it with the least expenditure of brain substance on their own part. This demand for literature of a light, easily digestible, and, it

must be confessed, somewhat unsubstantial kind is not altogether unreasonable, and must be satisfied in some way or other. Acting coincidently with that eager curiosity of which I have spoken previously, it has led to the supply of very much of the ephemeral literature of the day.

The fact is, the great effort of all of us is to get the utmost pleasure out of our lives, and some try to do it in one way, some in another. Some of us, as Horace says:—

Navibus atque  
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere ;

others, not able to afford yachts and carriages and pairs, seek recreation in sport, excursions into the country, visits to the theatre or the concert-room, or in a dilettante pursuit of knowledge. But whatever the form in which we seek our pleasure, the majority of us find it disagreeable and distasteful to have to apply our intellects with any great intensity to the search. If we are amongst those who are curious to know what is to be known about men and things, or if, for the sake of the ornamentation of social intercourse, we desire to have some slight acquaintance with the ideas which are prevalent amongst thinking men, so as not to be wholly ignorant, or to furnish talk for ourselves and others at our social gatherings, we require that this information shall be provided for us in doses which are not too huge, and in a form which will not be too difficult of digestion. The result is the growth of the newspaper leaderette, the novelette, the magazine particle, which are all more or less normal and permissible efforts to supply a more or less well founded and healthy need.

Of course, in what I have said about the search for pleasure, I have carefully omitted saying anything about the man or monster whose sole pleasure consists in accumulating wealth, in adding field to field and invest-

ment to investment. Nothing can be said of him in a literary or humane sense, except that—

Through life's dark road his sordid way he wends,  
An incarnation of fat dividends.

But time driveth onward fast, and the momentum of the times is tending very quickly to drive him out of existence altogether.

But for those who are continually desiring to know some new thing, whatever motive be at the bottom of their desire, there is very much to be said, and the need which they feel is bound to be supplied in some way or other. The periodical literature of the day is one way in which an effort is being made to supply this need. Writers finding this way a convenient and advantageous one for themselves, are falling into the fashion of giving out their ideas in the form of an article in the first place, so that while it is still true that of the making of many books there is no end, the first editions of many of the best books are to be found in the pages of one or more magazines.

Only, as I have said before, the result is an increasing fragmentariness in the character of the thought of the present day. I mean that, while we find the portion of a truth in one article in one magazine we have to turn to another article in another magazine for the complementary portion of that truth, and I do not think this is as it ought to be. The remedy is to be found, I believe, only in a severer, more classical austerity on the part of the writers in general and of the critics in particular.

The function of the critic was never more clearly stated than in the following passage quoted from the writings of one who was himself a great critic, and for whose work I have the greatest possible admiration, in spite of the constant evidences of his Oxford training and the intel-

lectual bias which arose thereby, and than whom no one has pointed out in a more practical way both by his own teachings and by his own methods what the function of the critic is and the course which he ought to adopt. The late Matthew Arnold has told us that—

The business of criticism is simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and by, in its turn, making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas ;

and, further, that—

Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability ; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications.

The supremacy of the periodical being admitted, and the fact that much, if not all, that is contained in a periodical falls under the denomination of criticism, it is necessary that this dictum should be borne in mind by all writers at the present day. For, even to the author of the novelette there is a duty. The novelette is, quite as much as poetry, a criticism of life ; and I hold that the end and aim of all criticism should be to inculcate the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.





## THE MARSHALL PASS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY C. H. BELLAMY.

THE pleasantest part of a recent trip to the Far West was a railway journey across the world-famed Rocky Mountains, going by the Leadville and Glenwood Springs route, and returning *via* the Marshall Pass and the Black Cañon. By these routes the round trip from Denver to Salt Lake City and back covers about 1,430 miles, and costs thirty-five dollars for railway fares, with the addition of six to ten dollars for the use of Pullman and sleeping cars as may be required. The time actually consumed in railway travelling is about fifty-six hours, but this does not become irksome in the luxurious cars provided on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, familiarly called "The Scenic Line of the World."

These two routes are the principal railroads across the American Rockies, the Marshall Pass route attaining an altitude from four to five hundred feet higher than the Leadville route, and Leadville is with one exception the highest inhabited town in the world. As an engineering feat alone it deserves to rank amongst the marvels of the world; but its wondrous beauty and awe-inspiring grandeur add great force to such a claim. When we bear



in mind that in a distance of about seven miles as the crow flies, the engineers had to raise the railroad to 10,852 feet above the sea, and then to lower it to the ordinary level, it is apparent that they had to contend with difficulties of no ordinary character. The track winds in and out, doubling upon itself over and over again to such an extent that the seven direct miles are drawn out to about twenty miles of actual railroad. This is the narrow-gauge route, and for many years was the only one used ; but since the opening of the Leadville route goods traffic has been sent that way, this line being only used for local and tourist traffic. I travelled across it in an easterly direction, leaving the broad gauge at Grand Junction. There is scarcely a mile of the entire road of which it could be said that the scenery is tame. For about fifty miles the line follows the course of the River Gunnison, which, as it winds round the bases of the mountains indicates the route of the railroad, for the constructing engineers preferred to take their lines any distance round a corner, rather than climb a hill, or tunnel through it. And some of the curves which they made would be almost impossible to an English train, and even the American engines are compelled to slow down when rounding them. However, where Nature has not provided a gorge through the mountains, the engineers have been compelled to take their rails over the crests, and it is to this circumstance that we owe the entrancing rides over these mountain passes.

The ascent of the Marshall Pass commences at a little place called Sargent. Here another powerful engine was yoked on to our train, and we commenced climbing the Pacific slope by grades of two hundred and eleven feet in the mile, our engines snorting like Titans, rounding the most impossible curves, which almost took my breath

away. I was standing on the platform of the car, when, looking up the side of the mountain, I saw another track apparently two to three hundred feet higher than the one we were on. "Yes," said the conductor, "we shall be up there in less than ten minutes," and so it proved to be. Winding round projecting headlands, on the verge of immense precipices, on the edge of which the track is so narrow that to step off the cars would mean instant destruction, for there is no room for foothold whilst the train is passing along the line, threading dark recesses, upward we climb, the air getting decidedly rarer and cooler. Soon we get into the snow line, the track going through great patches of snow two or three inches thick, and in places we travel for miles under a series of great snow sheds. As the train progresses up the steep the prospect becomes less obstructed by mountain sides, and a view is obtained over miles of cone-shaped summits. Slowly the steeps are conquered, until at an altitude of 10,852 feet the train stops at Marshall Pass station, upon the summit of the Continental Divide, which separates the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic slopes. The track and station are here enclosed in an immense snow shed.

After a careful examination of the brakes, for to them we must trust ourselves for the next hour or so, our auxiliary engine is uncoupled, and emerging from the shed, a magnificent prospect presents itself as far as the eye can reach. There are the snow-crowned spires of the Sangre de Cristo ("Blood of Christ") Range, their sharp and dazzling pyramids, which near at hand are clearly defined, extending to the southward until cloud and sky and snowy peak commingle, and form a vague and bewildering vision. Slowly we descend, under the care of extra powerful pneumatic brakes—there is no smoke nor cinders coming from the locomotive, for the sole force

required to carry the train along is that of gravitation. As our train goes slowly round the curves, she looks strangely like a serpent, gleaming and sinuous, some of the cars having lights in them. To the left towers fire-scarred Mount Ouray, gloomy and grand, solitary and forbidding, a volcano whose fires died out ages ago, and said to be the cause of all the upheaval hereabouts. The crater can be seen quite distinctly from the train. Opposite stands the companion peak, Mount Shaveno. A little further on we arrive at a point, where looking up as well as down, I saw four tracks of rails, terrace above terrace, the last so far away as to be somewhat indistinct. We are now on the Atlantic slope, and all the waters run to the eastward—whereas when we climbed up the Pass the streams met us, now they flow in the same direction as we are travelling, and presently the descent is finished at Poncha Springs, the route entering the valley of the Arkansas, and joining the main line, broad gauge, at Salida, about 217 miles from Denver.

I venture to think that the following short poem by an American poetess, Alice S. Mitchell, may not be out of place.

#### MARSHALL PASS.

Above the world's wide roar and clash  
 Unnumbered waves of emerald daab,  
 One giant rears a lofty dome,  
 His wrinkled forehead flecked with foam.  
 Here smoky pennons wave in air,  
 Two armies grand, the brave, the fair,  
 Wind swiftly up the mountain side.  
 They reach the cleft, the great "divide;"  
 With joyful shout, upon its crest,  
 The East gives greeting to the West.  
 Here generations yet unborn  
 Shall watch the sunset kiss the morn,  
 And glad winds "hallelujahs" sing  
 As Winter clasps the hand of Spring.

Upon the summit of this crest  
Columbia's eagle built his nest.  
The plumage of his mighty wings  
From sea to sea their shadow flings.  
Sheltered beneath this faithful breast  
A continent doth safely rest.  
Guarded by piercing eyes so true  
His beak holds firm the banner blue.  
Sometimes to mortal man 'tis given  
To breathe the perfumed air of heaven,  
The folded wings of souls unfurled  
Like soaring birds above the world,  
Mounting beyond our love and hate,  
We, reverent, whisper "God is great."



